

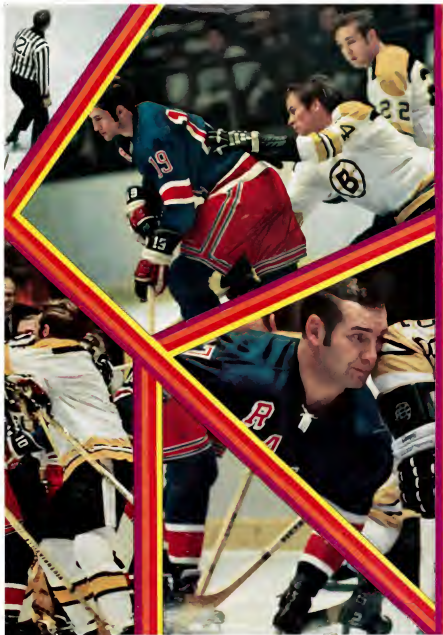
Sports Illustrated

MARCH 3, 1970

80 CENTS

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MUSTANG



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Next week

BIG LEW joined the last-place Milwaukee Bucks of pro basketball and made them a winner on the court and at the gate. Tex Maule tells what has happened to Lew in that time.

"RABBIT" STEW is the bid of fate every Monday on the golf tour, writes Walter Bingham, when the pro game's rookies ("rabbits") vie for tournament openings with the fallen stars.

HURRICANE GAMBLE was no lady to four sailors marooned on a luckless schooner. Edwin Shrake writes of their ordeal—and the lessons of the devastating Gulf of Mexico storm.

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Walker's DeLuxe, the great bourbon from Hiram Walker himself.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT CREAMER

BASEBALL SCANDAL (CONT.)

Following the disclosure in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** last week of Denny McLain's involvement in a book-making operation, Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn conferred with McLain and then announced that because of Denny's admissions to him the pitcher was being indefinitely suspended from baseball. McLain said afterward that he hoped to be reinstated later this season, which in the circumstances seems remarkably optimistic.

McLain's plight has engendered considerable sympathy. It is sad to contemplate the mess he has got himself into, the perhaps irreparable harm he has done to his superb career. But sympathy for McLain should be tempered with sympathy for baseball and for all sport, to which he has done such grave disservice. Despite prevalent cynicism, people generally have a respect for the honesty and integrity of sport that they do not have for other aspects of contemporary society. It is vital to the continued good health of sport that that faith be justified and maintained.

Baseball has taken something of a beating in recent years, mostly from instant sociologists who insist that it is in *extremis*, but despite all the attacks it is still very close to being the American game, a common ground of experience and interest. To have it besmirched, as in the McLain affair, hurts everyone who has ever experienced the joy of playing the game or the fun of rooting for a team. The blame for this lies not with Commissioner Kuhn for suspending McLain, nor with the investigators for digging out the story, but with McLain for abandoning his responsibilities to the sport that nourished him.

WHO SAYS?

Weston Adams Sr. of the Boston Bruins, whose Ted Green suffered a fractured skull in a stick fight during an exhibition game last fall, suggested to the National Hockey League earlier this

season that it make the wearing of helmets mandatory (**SCORECARD**, Jan. 5). The proposal was rejected out of hand, and the reason given was that the players were adamantly opposed to the idea. Now Alan Eagleson, executive director of the NHL Players' Association, says that during the 1967-68 season NHL players were polled on two questions relating to helmets: 1) Are you in favor of wearing helmets in NHL games? 2) Would you agree to the wearing of helmets if the majority of the members in the association voted in favor? Eagleson says the vote was 85% in favor on the first question, and that only two negative votes were cast on the second. The results of the poll were made known to league officials, Eagleson says. He wonders how they have since discovered that the players are opposed to helmets.

BIGGER THAN BOURBON

It may not have been a typical week for basketball in Kentucky, but never mind. These things happened. Travis Grant of highly rated Kentucky State broke his school's scoring record by 30 points in a 141-93 victory, making 75 points and hitting an impressive 70% of his shots from the floor, and hurt his accuracy average because he went into the game shooting 73% for the season. John Dromo, coach at the University of Louisville, refused to let a 6'6" transfer student named Joe Sigur suit up because of his long hair. Dromo, who conceded that Sigur "maybe could have helped us win a game sometime," said, "I don't mind if my boys let their hair grow a little long in the back or if they wear sideburns, but I'm not going to have them looking like Saint Bernards." Sigur said, "I just don't see any correlation between my hair and how I play basketball. I've always wondered what God said a basketball player was supposed to look like." And, finally, Eastern Kentucky apparently defeated Murray State 79-78, but Murray claimed the clock had flipped at the end of the game and ended 10 seconds too soon.

The clock was tested and, by golly, it had swallowed up the last 10 seconds. Commissioner Art Guepe of the Missouri Valley Conference ruled that the missing 10 seconds would have to be played before the game could be called official. And so, on March 5, Murray State will travel 600 miles round trip from Paducah at the western end of the state to Richmond at the eastern end to play 10 seconds worth of basketball. That may appear to be extreme, but you must remember that in Kentucky, tradition to the contrary, basketball is more important than horses or bourbon.

APES AND ICE

If you are a lover of zoos, you might give a moment's thought to a problem that faces some zoos when the weather turns bitter cold and stays there, as it



did in so many places this winter. A typical example is what happened at Painsong in England, where delightfully athletic—but nonswimming—apes called gibbons are allowed to run free on an island surrounded by a small artificial lake. When the temperature heads toward zero for an extended visit, the water in the lake freezes and the apes find themselves with a splendid natural bridge to the outside world. To frustrate this, the zoo assigns men to row back and forth, day and night, to keep the water clear and unbridged, the animals confined to their island and neighboring backyards pleasantly free of gibbons.

It is not an easy job. Did you ever row a boat through ice with the temperatures

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SCORECARD continued

nosing down towards 0? It makes weather like that at NFL championship games in Green Bay and Minneapolis seem like an afternoon in May. Ask George Washington.

OOO BALL OUT

Among the world's less pressing problems is the question of the three-ball can in tennis. The three-ball can has been as much a part of tennis tradition as white shorts, the rumpled towel hung casually around the neck and muttered oaths after a double fault. Now we are told that Pennsylvania Athletic Products of Akron, which manufactures tennis balls for various sporting-goods companies, is test-marketing a two-ball can. The company wants to meet the challenge of the import market, which is selling what Pennsylvania feels is an inferior tennis ball for a considerably lower price. The company hopes to get the casual player to buy two first-rate balls instead of three cheaper ones. And maybe even get players—casual or serious—to buy two cans at a time (they're trying out a "two-pack," two two-ball cans in a cardboard holder).

How far this experiment in changing a tennis tradition will go, we are not prepared to say. All we hope is that it doesn't give the belligerent world of tennis something else to squabble about.

THE SPRINGBOKS AGAIN

The controversial cricket tour of England and Wales by South Africa's Springbok cricket team is still on, though protests and threats of demonstrations have led to a drastic reduction in the number of matches to be played. British opinion on the tour is divided. James Callaghan, the Home Secretary, argued in criticism of the anticipated demonstrations, "Whatever personal views any one may hold, it will be interfering with our rights as a people as a whole if a small minority decide to make it impossible to play a particular game." Basil D'Oliveira, a Cape Coloured from South Africa who is one of England's leading cricket players, said, "I am very disappointed that the tour has been shortened."

On the other hand, Prime Minister Wilson, in recalling that one of his youthful ambitions had been to bowl for Yorkshire, his home county, said that if he had achieved that eminence he would not play against the South Africans, "not in the present circumstances." And the

Bishop of Woolwich, a former cricket star, warned, "I appreciate that the MCC [cricket authorities] did not want to seem to give in to the threat of violence. But much more than that is at stake. Few, if any, members of the MCC Council live in areas of racial tension, and they do not understand what deep feelings are raised by this tour of a racially selected team. The first thing to suffer may be good race relations in this country."

Perhaps the most interesting comment came from Ali Bacher, a South African doctor who will be captain of the Springboks during their tour. In a phone interview with a London newspaper, he said, "Demonstrators are not noted for their accurate information, and I hope none of them accuses me of racial discrimination. Since I qualified as a doctor over three years ago I have spent all but six months in non-European [non-white] hospital service, and I am still enjoying that work. I am also Jewish, so some folk might wonder if I could win membership in some of your more famous golf clubs in freedom-loving England. Probably not. But the point is, I don't resent it. I accept other people's rules and customs."

"I will play with and against anybody of any race in any sport wherever I can. That is the attitude of all our players. As soon as the South African government decrees that we can develop multiracial sport here, we shall welcome it."

NOT A LOCAL BOY

It probably isn't fair to call UCLA's sports publicity department provincial, but a publicity photograph sent by UCLA to the Portland *Oregonian* showing two basketball players scrambling for a loose ball had a caption that said one was Steve Patterson of UCLA and the other, who had floppy hair and floppy socks, was an "unidentified" player from Louisiana State.

Really now, UCLA. Pete Maravich—unidentified?

FRANKIE

In these days of referring to a 6' 3" basketball player as a little man, it is refreshing to hear about Frank Sylvester of Bradley Sylvester, who started 20 games as a sophomore last season and now, as a junior, is co-captain, is 5' 4". Bradley had a famous "little" man 20 years ago in Gene Melchiorre, but the *Peoria Journal Star*, after grant-

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ing that technically Sylvester is not as good a player as Melchiorre, adds, "Melchiorre was big. A 20-year-old program lists him at 5' 8½", but that was because somebody thought shortening Gene would make him an All-America. He was really about 5' 10"—half a foot taller than Sylvester."

Sylvester has scored as many as 16 points in a game, but he is essentially a playmaker and a ball stealer, the sort of player who pulls a team together. According to the *Journal Star*, "When a substitute goes in for Frankie, some fans figure that [Coach Joe] Stowell has finally found his wits. But when five tall men don't play together as well as Frankie and four tall men do, some fans are happy to see Frankie back in the game."

Sylvester's best performance, admirably, came against UCLA. Bradley lost in the closing minutes 61-56, but it was the first time this season that UCLA had been held to fewer than 70 points. Frank Sylvester, running around down there by everybody else's knees, had a lot to do with that.

22 TIMES 7 EQUALS HEAVEN

Happy echoes of the Super Bowl keep ringing in Kansas City. Nine-year-old Steven Biles, a devoted fan of the Chiefs, has revised the multiplication tables for home review with his parents. Now they go something like this:

4 times 4 equals Len Dawson.
5 times 9 equals Robert Holmes.
7 times 3 equals Mike Garrett.
7 times 6 equals Johnny Robinson.
7 times 11 equals Jim Tarter.
9 times 7 equals Willie Lamey. . .

THEY SAID IT

• Joe Brown, Pittsburgh Pirates general manager, asking John Quins, Philadelphia Phillies general manager, for an hour's delay in starting their exhibition game scheduled for March 7 because of the total eclipse of the sun that will occur that day. "It may interest you to know that the next eclipse in our hemisphere will be on April 8, 2024. Let's try to schedule around it."

• Roman Gabriel, Los Angeles Ram quarterback, on his part in a motion picture called *The Undefeated*: "The name has been changed to 11 and 3."

• Pete Rose, Cincinnati Red outfielder, on teammate Wayne Granger: "He's so skinny the only place he could have won a college letter was Indiana." **END**

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ONE MORE WAR TO GO

As the sounds of battle faded, South Carolina's fighting Gamecocks were masters of all they surveyed—for the moment. But next week the country's strongest league goes at it all over again **by CURRY KIRKPATRICK**

The war raged on. Armed forces from the South made attacks on enemy bases at two locations, crossing the border by day and infiltrating the Northern camps under cover of darkness. Field reports indicated the invaders were tall, strong and heavily equipped with accents foreign to the region. Scattered bursts of phrases such as "dis is becooteeful" and "wheeah ah dees guys?" emanated from the advancing legions. Reliable sources reported that they were part of the "Manhattanization" of the war—a severely feared process that the commander of the Southern forces had been threatening for years. Now he seemed to have done it. A coalition effort by the two neighbors under attack in the North not only was failing, South was about to demolish North and win the Conflict of the Carolinas.

What probably was the final push of the war began last week as the Gamecocks of South Carolina made their way by light aircraft over the DMZ of Ruby, Lester, Irby and Cho, S.C.; of Morven, Hasty, Pee Dee and Ghio, N.C.; over the red clay and sand hills of their own territory and into the piedmont and pine-scented flatlands of the North. They had negotiated the buffer zone quietly on their journey, but now they would have it out, first against North Carolina State, then against North Carolina—old, bitter rivals hacking it out for pride, prestige, ratings, recruiting glamour and the sheer glory of being on top of college basketball's strongest league.

The combatants, all of the Atlantic Coast Conference, came together high astride the national standings, and there was an edge of hatred, a certain atmosphere of violence surrounding the pro-

ceedings. In Raleigh on Wednesday, John Roche, South Carolina's 6' 3" leader, insisted this was mostly in the eyes of the beholders. "None of our guys hate any other players," he said. "But now the coaches . . . that's something different. And the fans, that's even worse. Everybody in North Carolina still thinks their teams are the best. They don't know it's all over. I'm tired of their noise. I want to beat all of their brains out—the players, the coaches and especially those people up in the seats. They're the bad ones."

That evening Roche took command early in the game. He controlled the tempo with his serpentine moves and while scoring 38 points and slipping into the realm of the magnificent, he practically alone held off N.C. State for a 71-69 victory. In Chapel Hill three nights later it was much the same. Roche scored 28 points against the Tar Heels as his team shot 52% for the second game in a row while coasting, 79-62. The successful road trip gave South Carolina a 12-0 record in the conference (21-2 overall) and, with two games to go, an excellent chance at becoming only the third team to go unbeaten in regular-season league play. The Gamecocks will wear the unsteady mantle of favorite into the conference tournament in Charlotte next week where they must prove superiority once more, with feeling.

South Carolina has accomplished all of this against a corps of elite competitors that one would be hard pressed to match anywhere in the land. Ever since the ACC was formed in the early '50s, provincials have claimed that their league played the finest basketball. Nonbelievers could bring their teams down and

see. In 1959 Oscar Robertson and Cincinnati took a look and went home with back-to-back losses to N.C. State and North Carolina. In the years since, ACC teams have almost always been among the top 10. Earlier this season four of them were in the top 20, and until they started playing each other, it looked like they might stay there. Recently N.C. State lost two games in one week and dropped only two places in the coaches' top 10. The coaches know.

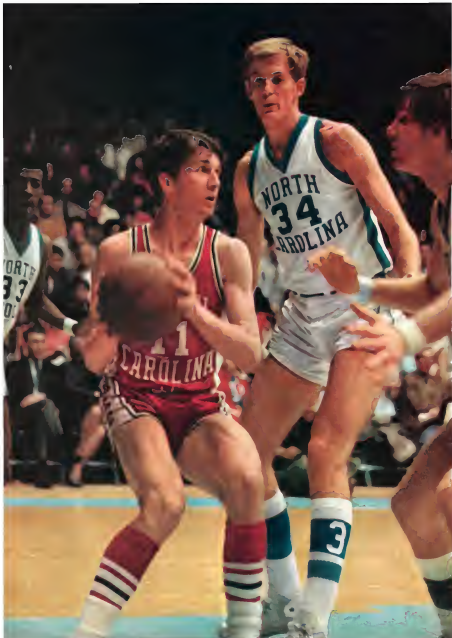
On a larger scale, the conference has won seven of the past eight Eastern Regionals—only Bill Bradley's Princeton stemmed the tide—and while the league has largely failed upon reaching the national final four, partisans explain that their representatives are worn out after two weeks of tournaments. Be that as it may, the ACC tournament winner this year could win the national championship without leaving the ACC area (the regionals are at South Carolina, the finals at Maryland).

Coaches from other parts of the country, envious of the conference's large recruiting budgets, resent the stature and reputation of the league. But there are other reasons why the Atlantic Coast schools bent out rivals for prime recruits: warm climates, majestic arenas, high academic standards, mislabeled discards and a young prospect's awareness that, in an area where football is a misery, basketball is far and away No. 1 in tradition, enthusiasm and respect.

In the olden days it was always the "big four" North Carolina schools

continued

Unstoppable Gamecocks, transplanted New Yorker John Roche led team to both wins





(UNC, N.C. State, Duke and Wake Forest) that made the ACC so powerful. No longer. With the arrival of Lefty Driesell at Maryland and the final rerouting of Frank McGuire's underground railroad from New York to Columbia, S.C., the ACC now has six efficient programs. To hear rivals tell it, McGuire, who returned to the league six years ago after building North Carolina into a national power and then leaving under a storm of controversy, has done nothing but reopen old wounds. They say he does not really know coaching, that he cheats on recruiting, that he teaches dirty tactics, that he is up to no good. Seemingly, it is McGuire's presence alone that has made the ACC so alive with fury. Jealousy, of course, breeds such contempt.

"We know when they yell at us, they are yelling at Coach McGuire," says Roche. "Teams don't play South Carolina, they play McGuire."

"I know what they say and I know what they try to do to me," says McGuire. "But I'm too smart for them. No more controversies. I don't want anything to spoil the program we've built here."

Indeed, South Carolina basketball has come a long way from an era when the team's traveling staff consisted of a former mental patient who occasionally coached and a 4' 2" dwarf who dispensed pep pills as the team trainer. Three years ago McGuire thought he had the good, big center needed to excel as a national contender, but in a dispute over facts that are still bitterly debated, athletic directors at Duke and North Carolina complained of abnormal admissions practices involving Mike Grosso and got the ACC to declare him ineligible. This year the center is here: 6' 10" Tom Riker, a schoolboy legend from Long Island, who is averaging 14 points and nine rebounds in a ball-control offense.

Though the frail, 6' 10" Tom Owens has been called "the advance man for a famine," Riker and 6' 8" John Ribcock give the Gamecocks impressive muscle up front, while Roche and Bobby (Cakes) Cremins are an ideal backcourt. In addition, there are sophomores Bob

Carver and Rick Aydlott to come off the bench and shoot against zones—the defensive tactic considered appropriate against South Carolina's height and the abilities of Roche. "You play Roche man to man," says N.C. State Coach Norm Sloan, "and you are at his mercy."

While most of the Gamecocks are nicely groomed, attractively Irish and devotedly Catholic boys from the New York City area, there is a feeling around the league that they are out to get people. Riker, whose temper is on the short side, has been ejected from two games for fighting, and Carver was thrown out of the Temple game, but it is the 238-pound Ribcock from Augusta, Ga. who is held in awe, even by his own teammates.

"If there's going to be fighting, I like to get the first punch in," says Riker. "But Ribcock, he's smarter. He manhandled three North Carolina guys in our first game, but nobody would touch him. First he clipped Bill Chamberlain good, then he elbowed Dennis Wuyck and finally he cracked Charlie Scott on a loose ball. Charlie came up swinging, but it's lucky he didn't hit Ribcock. Nobody ever hits Ribcock."

Incidents such as these have made the ACC so zestfully (or tastelessly) insane these last few weeks: spectators at Duke spat on one of McGuire's \$300 suits, after which Roche and Riker retaliated by throwing cups of water into the stands. Spectators at N.C. State spat on Scott and Chamberlain, and Coach Dean Smith had to restrain Scott from chasing after them to fight. Spectators at Chapel Hill stormed the court when a fight broke out in the Maryland game, and Driesell ended up on the floor. And in several key games the ugly old racial epithet has been heard from the stands.

The Wolfpack of State has long held the reputation of being the most physical team in the league. Led by (Moving) Vann Williford and sophomore Ed Leftwich, the Pack, now 19-4, has been a pleasant surprise to Coach Sloan and fiercely hostile to the competition. Opponents say that when you come to play against State's 6' 6" "Dirty Dan" Wells you come with helmet and armored socks.

But for truly bad blood, South Carolina and North Carolina have a clear edge over the other ACC schools. Relations between the two have been sorely strained since the end of last season when Roche won the league's player of

the year award over Scott. Scott publicly intimated that the ballot was racial. It was also pointed out that five writers left Scott off the all-conference first team, arguing that UNC's Bill Bunting was as deserving.

"Either the writers are ignorant, or it's bigotry," said Smith. "There are some writers around here who shouldn't be writing," said Scott. Further talk around the Carolinas has it that Smith and Scott themselves have had some differences this season. Though both deny it, Scott reportedly was unhappy with the way the Tar Heels played slowdown in their first meeting with South Carolina, which they lost 65-52. In a later practice he told Smith he was "embarrassed" to play that way, and the two proceeded to have harsh words about who was coaching the team and who could leave if he didn't like it.

Scott has not been impressed with South Carolina's personnel. "Roche is a good player," he said last week before the return match. "But his team makes him a great player. He's only as good as his picks. It's easy to play when you know you're going to get picks all over the court—here, there, there. Man, that's dreamland. Roche is in dreamland. Take the picks away and where is he? Sometimes I think McGuire doesn't recruit good players so much as he recruits good picks."

It was against this amicable background that South Carolina's battles last week were joined. McGuire himself did not make the game with State in Raleigh. Ailed with flu, he talked to his players by phone at halftime and then watched them survive on TV as Wells and Ribcock stayed away from each other.

By Saturday night in Chapel Hill, McGuire was back on the bench. Right off South Carolina fell behind UNC 6-0, but for the next 11 minutes, while North Carolina was scoring only one basket, South Carolina raced to a 23-8 margin. Along with four other men who tried guarding the irrepressible Roche, Scott could not contain him, and the home team never got closer than 10 points.

The skirmishing in league play ends this week. Next come settlement negotiations at Charlotte when the ACC gathers to line up for a final shot at South Carolina before ceasefire. North Carolina troops are advised to come out smoking, this time with barbed wire and a six-pack of mace. **END**

South Carolina Coach Frank McGuire, who once welcomed controversy, was a model of reticence as his team snuffed out NCS Pick Power and dined the spirit of a pretty coed.

YANKEE PETE AND HIS REB GETAWAY CAR

Pete Hamilton, a college dropout from Massachusetts, rolled into Dixie and whipped a galaxy of heroes in the Daytona 500 **by ROBERT F. JONES**

One of the places where the silent majority goes to keep its mouth shut is the stock car races. After all, when the field goes bellowing by in full cry even a leather-lunged good old boy from Farkle Hollow couldn't be heard if he tried. According to legend, vibrations from the big stockers have been known to pop fillings, unzip miniskirts and transmit whole jars of white lightning into nothing more potent than branch water. Last Sunday at Daytona there was plenty to keep silent about.

The people saw, heard, felt and smelled a relatively slow but highly exciting race, one in which seven Plymouth and Dodge finishers in the top 10 whipsawed three Fords, in which a virtual novice to Grand National racing humiliated the old masters and in which the winner was, dag nab it, a real live Yankee.

Even without a whizbang of a race like this one the Daytona 500 would be worth the price of admission (\$35 for a grandstand seat). It is a kind of museum of traditional, regional American values in a society rapidly turning to plastic, big cars and beer, crew cuts and wolf whistles under the dashboard, fierce red-brick faces with chipmunk cheeks and draws thicker than 90-weight lube oil. To the folks, acid is for batteries and dope is what you paint model cars with. A head can be hemi or semihemi, while a groove is the line a man takes through a curve, and pigs are for eating, not beating.

Among the 103,800 fans who exercised their stock option at Daytona this year, you had the essence of the older America. There were backcountry wits in jack-

ets that read *EDGE FACTORY RACING TEAM*, prune-faced grannies in folding chairs hawking *AMERICAN BACK IT, DON'T BUCK IT* stickers and a veritable armored battalion of pickup trucks replete with gun racks. Empty ones.

There were the folk heroes of NASCAR racing: Cale Yarborough and Lee Roy Yarborough, David Pearson and Buddy Baker, and, of course, Richard Petty, the renowned road runner, with sideburns down to here and a new, rear-winged Plymouth Super Bird.

Normally Richard finds himself locked in combat with other drivers. Now he was doing battle with, of all things, a computer. The Chrysler people had brought in their Brain Box, a computer mounted in a blue-and-white van a-hristle with antennas. During Richard's preliminary runs the Brain Box detected faults during the Super Bird's cornering. Petty politely disagreed: his eyes, his hands and the seat of his pants told him the car was set up all right. Ultimately Richard had his way. But how do you argue with a computer? "Ah, just asked it how many races it's won," he grinned.

It was the first time out at Daytona for the winged Dodges and Plymouths, though last September an avian Dodge Daytona, driven by Richard Brickhouse, had won the Talladega 500 and run up lap speeds that nudged 200. To the design-conscious crowd, Daytona shaped up as a battle between the factories—wingless Fords and Mercurys vs. the Chrysler products, with their high rear fins and drooping, lance-like noses. Most of the drivers were in the most joyous of spirits,





Pete's Plymouth sails through one of Daytona's high-banked turns at better than 180 mph.

and after turning practice laps in excess of 190 mph on the speedway's steep oval, they all dashed off down Mason Avenue to race again on midgetspeedways.

Others amused themselves at nightspots like the Paleface Harbor, where the choice of drinks ranges from plain booze to a concoction called the Paleface Special. Owner Freddy Kessler, who used to wrench for Fireball Roberts, won't even say what's in it, but he beats a tom-tom while whipping it up, squirts in some methanol from a battered oil-can, lights it and then eradicates the yard-high flames with a blast from a CO₂ fire extinguisher. If he can hit the drinker with the CO₂, all the better.

The early Daytona customers got their first taste of reality on Thursday during the first 125-mile races held to determine Sunday's 500 starting grid.

In a white '69 Merc, Cale Yarborough won the first race at a white-hot 183,295 mph. The second went to Charlie Glotzbach's Dodge, and it was in this race that Talmadge (Tab) Prince of Dublin, Ga., spun out on Turn One and was cremated by another machine. Not until 45 minutes after the race was it announced that Prince, a rookie in his first Daytona race, was dead.

As for Richard Petty and his war with the computer, it remained unresolved over the 125 miles. Richard's electric-blue Plymouth ran well through the corners but lost ground on the straights, placing him in the sixth row for the 500. His young teammate, Pete Hamilton, running in a higher gear

and gaining endurance in the process, finished ahead of Richard. That was to prove significant.

Most Grand National races actually develop as a series of sprints, with the yellow caution flag separating the heats. Sunday's was no exception. Race day broke clear, cool and weird, with flights of red, yellow, green and blue balloons lallygagging through the air and a helicopter tugging giant cigarette packs and Pepsi cans over the crowded infield. The first sprint was a short one—only eight laps of the 200 total—and it was all Cale Yarborough. Then, coming through the east corner, Richard Petty blew his engine at 180 mph plus. A great hurst of blue smoke clashed distastefully with the color of his car; then Richard slithered out of the cloud for a breathless moment, dust snakes wriggling around his wheels.

Everyone pitted under the yellow, and with the green flag Cale once again surged into the lead—until his own turn came, on the 31st lap. Yarborough's Merc went like a hand grenade, dropping everything but his Nomex underwear, and Cale slewed spectacularly through the grandstand dogleg. "Had mah hands full," he said later, "and both mah feet, too."

The next skirmish was indecisive and ended when A. J. Foyt's '69 Ford hlew a failure that might ease the sting of his new nickname, Henry Foyt, which he was along with the distributorship of Ford's Indy engines. The heat that ensued was a duel between David Pear-

son and Bobby Isaac, the Dodge kid from Catawba, N.C., who wears a soup-bowl haircut. Pearson won.

Now just under the halfway mark, the race changed character again. During a yellow-flag slowdown Pearson whipped into the pits with a big smile on his customarily impassive face and when handed a cup of water hurled it jocularly into his crew chief's face. He was a bit premature in his jubilation.

After the green flag fell for the restart, the long-legged SuperBird of Pete Hamilton was steadily eroding Pearson's lead. Hamilton had made no unscheduled pit stops so far and had used the yellows wisely to conserve his machine, which was still running cool.

Still it would take a break to bring Pete into range of Pearson. It came with only 15 laps left, when 1969's Rookie of the Year, Richard Brooks, spun out on the second turn. By the time the yellow flag was lifted for the last time Hamilton had pitted and laid on fresh rubber, while Pearson chose to finish with worn tires. That made all the difference in the final sprint.

There were just about 16 miles left to run—a tad under seven laps when Hamilton cut loose. He took Pearson on the backstretch, increased his lead for a bit, then saw Pearson closing in behind, ready to snap past on the final lap. As they came through the east bank it looked like David's slingshot was loaded, but then both cars wrenched out of shape, and the SuperBird almost drove Pearson's Ford onto the apron. That was it. A lap later Pete Hamilton took the checker at an average speed of 149.601 mph. He also took home a purse of \$46,400—and that was exactly \$11,308 more than he had won in his entire career.

Of course, it's only a two-year career. Peter Goodwill Hamilton, 27, is a hip cat from Dedham, Mass., and most of his previous driving was in a Grand Touring class Camaro. His dozen GT wins last year made him tops in that category. A dropout from the University of Maine after one year, Hamilton is the son of a retired college dean and—get this—used to play drums in a rock band. He has longish blond hair and says things like "Outasight," "Cool," and "Wow." As a member of the silent majority might say, "Well, shut mah mouf." Which, of course, Pete Hamilton was delighted to do. **END**

THE KILLER LEOPARD OF DANPUR

One of the sleekest and smartest of the big cats and now an endangered species, the Indian leopard occasionally becomes a hunter of men. This one has terrorized a remote community for two years by JAMES SHEPHERD

In the Almora District of India's Uttar Pradesh, the natives are offering 2,000 rupees to anyone who will kill their man-eating leopard. That's only \$266, but it is the largest reward anyone can remember for a man-eating leopard. And the reason is that in three decades no leopard has killed so many people. To date he is credited with at least 25.

The fearful populace of the Danpur area of Almora, where the killer has concentrated his efforts, are well aware that leopards are even more dangerous and cunning than tigers. As the Danpur leopard has done, they will enter a house for human prey. On July 14, 1968 the Danpur man-eater entered a hut in the village of Liti and killed a 10-year-old boy. Five weeks ago, a young girl stepped out of her house to answer a call of nature, and the leopard pounced and dragged her away. Now when darkness falls in Danpur all doors are locked; no one moves abroad before daylight.

Danpur lies in Kipling country, in the shadows of the Himalayas, 82 miles northeast of the district headquarters of Almora. The last 16 miles from Almora must be covered by foot over steep trails and through jungle brush. The jungle is a bogland, thick and laced with an unending series of wild streams. The men of Danpur either stay at home to scratch out a living cultivating tiny terraced fields carved out of the hills, or they go off to join the Indian Army's Kumaon regiment, a mountain warfare unit. No more than 4,500 to 5,000 people live in the Danpur region, all in scattered settlements of 45 to 50 each. The leopard can cover the 20-mile-square area of Danpur in one night and, when bored, sometimes crosses the Kali River for a kill in neighboring Pithoragarh. But he always returns.

Just to the west is the district of Garhwal where, between 1918 and 1926, the man-eating leopard of Rudrapur took 125 lives. It was killed by Jim Corbett, the celebrated hunter of man-eaters, after more than two months of track-

ing. And then the end came only after Corbett spent 11 straight nights in a small tree waiting, with a goat tethered in the middle of a road, for the leopard to come. He put a single bullet into it but did not dare climb down and track the wounded animal until daylight. He found it some distance away, dead of the one shot. As Corbett had guessed, it was an old animal with several healed bullet wounds and a broken tooth, and had lost part of a toe and one claw.

Nobody knows why leopards become man-eaters, but there are educated guesses. There is little natural prey in the oak jungles of Danpur. The other wildlife consists of wildfowl—pheasants and hill partridge—and Himalayan bear and wild boar. The last two are too large and too savage for the leopard to attack safely. Like African lions or Indian tigers, leopards may be driven by age or injury to look for human victims. Or they may come across a half-buried corpse that has not been completely cremated. Many Indians believe that once a leopard has fed on a human flesh, it wants nothing else.

"In some ways," says Rao Naidu, a professional hunter of the big cats, "old leopards who have lost their agility find humans easy to pick off. Sometimes a leopard will mistakenly jump a man in the forest. Seeing movement, he will think that the man is an animal and, once making the mistake, will eat the man. From that time on he will hunt almost exclusively for humans. Leopards that have been wounded and recover also will become hunters of man; weakened, they discover man easy to pull down." Naidu adds some less-provable folklore: "We all dread the female leopard man-eater. She will train her cubs to eat nothing but humans. This can be a terribly vicious circle." So far, all the victims of the Danpur leopard have been children or young women. It has never attacked a male adult, and the record indicates that it limits itself to one kill a month. In addition, unlike other kill-

ers, it has not hesitated to attack in daylight. Several times, after kills, local hunters have sat over the corpse waiting for the beast to return. Only once has that occurred, and several shots were fired at it before it vanished into the jungle. In November 1968, a 24-year-old woman was killed, and the leopard dragged the body half a kilometer before abandoning it. The hunters sat up all night, with no luck. One month later, a 12-year-old boy was dragged away from the village of Lahur. Trackers were assembled and a hunt staged. Hours later, only the hair of the boy was found. Two months later, possibly maddened by hunger, the leopard charged a group of 10 women and five men gathering leaves near the village of Barma. Terror-stricken, they fled to the village.

Last January the man-eater attacked an old woman and her 14-year-old grandson who were in the jungle searching for strayed cattle. Without a sound, the leopard dragged the boy away, and a search party could find no trail to follow. Just 20 days later the little girl stepped out of her hut and was lost. Her father persuaded neighbors to join in a search, but they were stalled by a heavy snowfall. They set off again the next morning, but the child has never been found.

Estimates of the size of the Danpur man-eater cannot be considered accurate, because all have been made by people in the shock of fright. The consensus is that it is eight feet long, but it is probably somewhat smaller. The last two suspected man-eaters killed in Danpur have measured, respectively, seven feet three inches, and seven feet. Both were females. Among those who have guessed at the leopard's size are several people who were attacked and escaped with scalp wounds, or limbs badly clawed or even chewed.

Jim Corbett was a professional hunter, and so far the people of Danpur have been unable to attract anyone in his class to search for their killer. But



Not the Danpur killer: This Indian leopard unintentionally shows the effectiveness of his camouflage coat. Tracking him is almost impossible.

soon the snow will begin its retreat up the sides of the Himalayas, and perhaps—only perhaps—someone will come then. The deputy commissioner of Almora is now in contact with 10 hunters from different parts of India; none will even consider the job until the weather improves. The fact is that the era of the Jim Corbetts is over in the Kumaon hills. Corbett owned estates which comfortably supported him and he could spend all his days in the jungles hunting man-eaters if he chose. Today, no matter how much he might want to shoot a man-killing animal, neither a professional hunter nor a well-to-do amateur can afford the expenditure of time involved. Fewer still want to do it the hard way. Many Indian hunters do their shooting only from the comfort and safety of a jeep equipped with blinding

spotlights to dazzle and confuse their quarry. Hunting the man-eater of Danpur requires a Jim Corbett type who knows the jungles inside out by day and night and is prepared for the extremely rugged country. Three men who fancied themselves as killers of the Danpur man-eater recently turned up in Almora to obtain details about the case. Before officials could brief them, the three decided to return to the plains. Almora, which has electricity, schools and a well-stocked bazaar, was too God-forsaken, remote and primitive for them. Finally, while the 2,600-rupee reward might appear princely to a village hunter, it might not even cover the expenses of someone coming up from the plains in quest of the leopard. And the bounty is not paid immediately. The authorities have to be convinced by an absence of

attacks over several months that the predator is indeed dead.

Thapa Prasad, the deputy commissioner, believes a village hunter will eventually kill the Danpur man-eater. Getting the leopard has become a blood feud the local hunters have to avenge. If one does end the marauding career, it might be with a flintlock, with which many still hunt. In fact, after the announcement of the reward, one native popped off a leopard and brought it to Almora as the man-eater. But Prasad and his officials doubted it was the beast because it was only four or five years old, was in good condition and had no visible marks of previous injuries. The moral seems to be that leopards which are innocent often have to pay for the sins of man-eaters when ambitious hunters are about.

END



FLASHING

by GARY RONBERG

As this cockeyed hockey season glides into March it is apparent that New York is in serious danger of losing the last of its great failure symbols, the Rangers (see cover). The town that gave you the throbbing real-life stories of the Knicks, the Jets and the Mets is watching over the Rangers with a pride mangled with astonishment and some apprehension, for if ever there was a club capable of pulling an *el foldo* in the spring of the year, it has been the Rangers. Beginning in the 1960s, when Fiorello LaGuardia was still mayor, the Rangers compiled a record of futility unmatched in major league hockey. For two decades they were uncontestedly the worst team in the NHL.

But last weekend the new, space-age Rangers were on top in the NHL's East Division, where they had strutted since way back in November, and were locked in a furious race with the Boston Bruins for the division championship. The Bruins had moved into a first-place tie with New York after a fortnight in which the Rangers lost their two best defencemen. The veteran Jim Neilson, who twisted a knee, was due back momentarily, but sophomore Brad Park, a slick puck-carrier and heavy hitter, was probably out for the rest of the season with a fractured right ankle. Question No. 1 as the Rangers faced Thursday's showdown with the Bruins on Boston ice was whether a team so maimed could regain its momentum.

Another question was puzzling the hockey world—whatever happened to the mighty Montreal Canadiens? As they scuffled along five points behind the Rangers in third place, Coach Claude Ruel offered to quit. Rumors were flying that the Canadian dynasty was dying. Maybe so, maybe not.

Leading scorer Walt Thuesen (right) embraces mates after setting up goal against Philly.

BLADES FOR A MINI-MASTERMIND

Little Emile Francis has maneuvered the New York Rangers up from oblivion into a hot race for the National Hockey League championship. Now all he has to do is outthink the onrushing Boston Bruins in the season's last month

Beyond dispute, though, was the fact that the Rangers have become a very fine team—and that due entirely to the heart and mind of a single man, Emile Percy Francis, the general manager and coach. Not since Vince Lombardi revived those corpses in Green Bay has one man done so much for one team.

For a New York sports figure Francis is strangely inconspicuous. Not much taller than a parking meter, he dresses with no distinction and avoids the hum of Manhattan whenever he can, preferring the anonymous life of a Long Island suburb. He presides over a team almost equally lacking in New York glitter. The closest thing the Rangers have to a swinger is Rod Gilbert, a deeply sideburned forward who makes the discotheque scene but is not exactly a Rocket Richard on the ice. The leading scorer is a mouthful of Czech consonants, Walter Tkaczuk, who doesn't have enough clout to get the Madison Square Garden PA man to pronounce his name right. He is "ka-shook" at home but "tay-chuck" on Seventh Avenue.

Francis himself is the son of a French mother and a Welsh father and the survivor of a goal-tending career rich only in mediocrity. During 14 years he played with a dozen teams, but in only 95 NHL games, giving up 355 goals for a 3.74 average. Even so, somebody nicknamed him The Cat for his quickness.

The only thing big-league about Francis was his courage. On one occasion Francis took the ice for the Black Hawks with a dislocated left shoulder strapped up in a leather brace. When a shot whistled in, Francis could not raise his hand up far enough to glove the puck, which split his nose down the middle and knocked out five teeth.

When the little goalie at last hung up his pads, his only claim on history was having introduced the trapper glove ("A genu-u-ine George McQuinn-model first

baseman's mitt") to the goaltending profession. It was not until 1961 that Francis joined the Ranger organization—as coach and general manager of the Guelph (Ont.) Juniors. Three years later he was appointed general manager in New York.

What Francis found in the old Garden was a Ranger team so puny in size that almost any opponent could intimidate it. Francis started rebuilding with players like Orland Kurtenbach, Wayne Hillman and Reggie Fleming. They weren't the slickest men around, but they were mean. He also dealt for the future, sending the aging Andy Bathgate, New York's alltime scoring leader, to Toronto for three young players—Rod Seiling, Arne Brown and Bob Nevin—who are Ranger regulars even today. Given an open checkbook by President Bill Jennings, Francis set about rebuilding a tumbledown farm system and increased the number of full-time scouts from four to eight, part-timers from 18 to 52.

In December of 1965, with the team in last place, Red Sullivan was fired as coach and Francis took over. He led New York into the Stanley Cup playoffs with a fourth-place finish in 1966-67, and into second—only four points behind Montreal—an 1967-68. After that season Jennings persuaded Francis that handling both the bench and the front office was too onerous for one man. Boom Boom Geoffron was appointed coach, and the Rangers started well in the fall of 1968. But by January they were in last place again. On January 17, Geoffron collapsed from an attack of ulcers, Francis stepped in and coached the team to a third-place finish.

Today he says New York is not in the market for any more coaches—and Jennings agrees. "It took me a while to appreciate Emile as a coach," Jennings says. "For the longest time I had him

figured strictly as a G.M. type. But he really wants to coach, and he's proved there isn't a better coach anywhere. As far as I'm concerned, he can handle both jobs for the rest of his life."

Who's to argue? Francis works like a Georgia mule. When the Rangers are in New York he leaves home at 8 in the morning and usually does not return until 11 or 12 at night, the last hour or

continued



The Top Cat himself shoots advice and encouragement from a spot behind the bench.

two depending on the whims of the whimsical Long Island Rail Road.

If there is no game at night there is practice in the morning, which means Assistant Trainer Jim Young picks Francis up and chauffeurs him the 20 miles to the New Hyde Park arena. After practice, Young then drives his boss (Young drives so Francis, briefcase on his knees, can work) to his desk in the city. On the road Francis flies 75,000 miles a year to handle the team, to scout and keep an eye on minor league operations. "If New York is in here for a game on Thursday night, you can bet Emile will be in Omaha on Wednesday watching his farm club," says Scotty Bowman, coach of the St. Louis Blues. "Emile has everything at his fingertips."

As a coach Francis has reoriented the Rangers' way of thinking. "You really can't appreciate what he's done unless you played here before he came," says Forward Vic Hadfield, who did. "You have no idea how hard it is to play night after night, just knowing you're going to lose. Oh, once in a while maybe we'd play great for one or two periods, we might even be ahead going into the third period. But then the other club would come out and play well for 10 or 12 minutes and cancel out everything good we'd done for 40. Lose a few like that and you get discouraged."

The other day Francis settled back on one of the Rangers' charter flights and reflected on those early days. As usual he looked pale and overworked, but his eyes were alive and intense. "The first thing we had to do," he said, "was knock all of the excuses out of the hat. There were so many excuses for losing in New York. The city, the commute, the anonymity. *Anonymous?* Hell, who wants to be recognized if he's a loser, anyhow? I sure as hell don't. If I'm a loser I don't want anybody to know who I am. We told them to just start winning and they'd be recognized soon enough."

"Everything," says Don Marshall, one of the Rangers' few old heads, "used to be all helter-skelter, with guys skating all over and nobody knowing where anybody else was. When Montreal traded me to New York I was just sick, because I knew it would be like that. Nobody wanted to play in New York. Under Francis, though, things changed. He brought in a system, and it's not that much different from what they do in Montreal. Now when you get the puck

you usually have an idea where everybody is; you don't have to go around looking for them. You can still play your particular style—just so long as you stay within the system."

Francis says there are no tricks to the "system": what it amounts to is just good, sound positional hockey being executed by good players. "Games are won in your opponents' end and lost in your own," he says. "When I took over, the Rangers were losing because they were making too many mistakes in their own end. They were giving up as many as 250, 260 goals a year. The secret of making the playoffs is keeping that number down around 200."

Among Francis' many gifts is an appreciation for raw talent. In need of a goalie, he found Ed Giacomin in Providence, R.I. and wound up paying the equivalent of \$100,000 in players for him. Then 25, Giacomin had never stopped a shot in the NHL and his first year in New York was a flop; one night the fans showered him with garbage. Giacomin was sent down to the minors but was back in the Garden again the following year, pumped up with confidence by Francis. ("You're my goaltender, and nobody is going to stop you from becoming a good one.") Giacomin went on to lead the Rangers into the playoffs with a fine 2.61 goals-against average, a league-leading nine shutouts and a place on the All-Star team. He has never since failed to make that team, and the Rangers have allowed only 189, 183 and 196 goals the last three years while finishing fourth, second and third.

The lone pre-Francis holdover among the defensemen is Neilson, a dark-eyed 200-pounder who has become an All-Star under Francis' guidance. Rod Seiling and Arnie Brown are solid performers, but it will take all of Francis' ingenuity to fill the gap left by the loss of Park. So far the jury is out on fill-ins Larry Brown and Mike Robitaille.

Up front, New York's biggest stacks until recently have been on the line of Hadfield, Gilbert and Jean Ratelle. A big, cheerful blond who possesses a heavy slap shot, Hadfield is a solid 20-goal man on the left side, while Ratelle has become perhaps the league's smoothest center. Because of his exceptional French-Canadian good looks, mod dark hair and burns, Rodrigue Gabriel Gilbert ("Roger Bear" or "Joe Bear" to the kids who write him) has been the



Smooth Center Jean Ratelle, one of Francis'

team's No. 1 lady-killer, but now he is engaged to a Thai brunette and plans to marry in the spring. As a player, however, despite five seasons in which he has scored 24 goals or more, Gilbert has never achieved the greatness New York expected from him.

The yoke of superstar-to-be now rests on the broad neck of Walter Robert Tkaczuk, who centers the highest-scoring line in hockey. While Hadfield, Ratelle and Gilbert haven't exactly slumped (56 goals, 92 assists), they have been overwhelmed by the combination of Tkaczuk, Dave Balon and Billy Fairbairn (73 goals, 110 assists). Big, bull-strong and, says Gordie Howe, "so determined," Tkaczuk was signed for the Rangers by Scout Lou Pasador (the man who landed Alex Delvecchio for Detroit and Ralph Backstrom and Jacques Laperriere for Montreal). Tkaczuk has become the Rangers' foremost scorer (25 goals, 45 assists) in his second year. Moreover, he is developing in the Jean Beliveau style—the strong, quiet performer a team looks to when things are their stickiest.

Tkaczuk's partners, Balon and Fairbairn, could not be more different from one another. Bushy-haired, brown-eyed and tough as a 51 steak, Fairbairn seems a cinch for Rookie of the Year, while



Masslays in pennant drive, Ricks a backhand shot at Philadelphia Flyer Goale Bernie Parent.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN TULLO

until this season Balon was considered no more than a journeyman player. In 10 years in the NHL, playing for New York, Montreal, Minnesota and New York again, Balon was basically a 10- to 15-goal man. He always was a worker, however, and this year he has found linemates with whom he fits perfectly.

You will not find a dime's worth of glamour in Fairbairn, either. He is just a good, honest, two-way workman. "What I like about him," says Oakland Coach Freddie Glover, "is the way he wants that huseut. If he's got it, he's tickled. If he hasn't, he's going to get it. Whether it's in his end or mine, he's going to get it." Fairbairn's only complaint in New York so far is the steady diet of pork chops he gets while sharing an apartment with Park, who cooks for both. "My friend," says Park, "you will say you enjoy pork chops, or you will starve."

Players like Fairbairn, Park and Tkaczuk are typical of the youth, speed and size Emile Francis is nurturing in the New York farm system, now the envy of the league. "Nobody can afford to let down on you for a minute," says Denis Hall, the Rangers' director of the farm system. "They all know what we've got down on the farm."

"They've seen it in training camp, and

that's important," says Francis. "They know we were winning in training camp when we were going with a lot of the kids."

Now that he has succeeded in stimulating Montreal-style hunger among his regulars, Francis takes pains not to overdo. "I work very hard at treating our players fairly," he says. "Since I ask for a first-class performance from them, they go first class. There are no prima donnas around here: everybody is treated alike. To me, there's only one time you don't treat players alike, and that's at contract time."

One thing he never does, says Francis, is create a position for a player; each must earn his own job. Francis cites the case of Orland Kurtenbach, the tall, 195-pound center of his third line. A regular two years ago, Kurtenbach spent all of last season recuperating from a back operation. The Rangers missed him, especially for his peace-making talents. When Kurtenbach checked into the Rangers' Kitchener, Ontario training quarters last September, he fully expected to win his old job back. The big center was slow getting in shape, though, and a young, Finnish-born center named Juha Widing won the position instead. Kurtenbach spent much of the first half of the season watching from the stands,

"Kurt went through the very same thing two years ago—only he was the one who was playing then," says Francis. "That year Jean Ratelle came to camp and led us in scoring in the pre-season games. If anybody had a job sewed up, Ratelle did. But then we found out he had to have a back operation, and he wasn't ready to play until the season was half over. Kurt, meanwhile, had stepped in and done a helluva job, and when Ratelle came back the club was in second place. Now, do I bench Kurt in favor of Ratelle? Not on your life. Ratelle had to wait until he could win a spot, or somebody slowed down or got hurt. This kid, Juha Widing, is only 22. We've had him since he was 16, and all along we told him if he worked hard he'd be in New York someday. Now that he's here, we tell him if he keeps on working hard, he'll stay. It would be pretty rotten if I sat him down just because I wanted to work somebody else in the lineup, wouldn't it? Kurt probably knows this better than anyone else."

It was on a warm fall morning in Kitchener that Kurtenbach, then trying to play himself into condition, checked the list to see who was going to play where that day. Three teams—New York, Omaha and Buffalo—were living together, and buses departed the Holiday Inn each morning for rinks in the area. Kurtenbach had already played seven straight days and halfway expected a day off, the list, however, showed him playing for the eighth and ninth days in a row. That is a lot of hockey, even for a man trying to find his legs.

Kurtenbach went to see Emile Francis about it. "Coach," Kurtenbach said, somewhat uneasily, "I just checked the list."

"Yes, Kurt, what about it?"

"Well, I've already played seven days in a row. . . ."

"Yes."

"... and I see you've got me down for two more."

"Yes."

"That's nine games in a row."

"Yes, what about it?"

"Well, I was wondering if perhaps there had been some mistake. . . ."

"I understand," said Emile Francis.

"But, Kurt, you know as well as I do that around here, we don't make mistakes."

END

Through the years the basic moods and sights in places like Tigertown, Dodgertown, Casa Grande and Mesa never truly change. The young pitcher must tough it out on diamonds far removed from those the big clubs use and both the known and the unknown hitters begin to grow blisters as they hit line drives out of the batting cages and against green wooden walls that bear advertisements for hamburger stands and used cars. There are, of course, other things that help explain why spring training calls people back spring after spring after spring. It is a time of laughter, hope and remembering for patron and player alike; a chance to see the tremendous skills of youngsters put out on the line every day for six weeks. Best of all, however, spring training is a chance to see the finest ball players in the world working and enjoying their work before the pressures of the regular season set the hard lines in their faces.

The Bright Glow of Spring Training



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR.







The shady end of the dugout always is the coolest spot in the park and the perfect place for a manager to practice sitting for days ahead

On a warm morning in March what better way to relieve the sameness of morning than to stand in the field and watch as the pitchers try to hit?

The ball comes in at the batter as a white blur and he says to himself, "Just once I wonder what it would be like if all hitters got ahead of the pitchers"



No two men
want the same exact things
for the same exact reasons
at the same exact time.
We grew as large as we are
by recognizing that fact.

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NML

Stretched out on the grass at their spring camp in St. Petersburg, Fla., the St. Louis Cardinals begin the morning calisthenics—a lovely tableau for viewers but a chore for the players.

In all of sport is there anything as meaningless as an intrasquad game played in March? Probably not, but it is a good time for a boy to rest and for oldtimers to pass the day.

Metal sculpture from the Dunlop collection
12th hole, Oak Hill, East Course, Rochester, N. Y.



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what's good for you,
you'll play Maxfli.**

It's a Maxfli mite to the cup—602 yards. Water 280 yards out. Then uphill all the way to the heavily trapped green. Better play Maxfli—if you know what's good for you. Sold only through golf professionals.



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Drive carefully. Use Dunlop balls, clubs and trees.

A MONKEY RIDES THE EASY RUNNER

Marty Liquori, the first American in four years to beat Jim Ryun at a mile, has become everybody's long-distance target by **SKIP MYLENSKI**

Now his weekends are always the same. The towns are different and so are the arenas, but the monkey is always there. It appeared last month in Philadelphia, at Convention Hall. He is warming up backstage, doing stretch exercises, his right leg hooked over the back of a chair, the head going back, then down to the left knee. His lips are pulled tight. A friend walks up. "Congratulations," he says. "I hear you were just named the top miler in the country."

Marty Liquori grimaces. "In the world," he says.

In front of him is a pool of vomit, the price of someone else's overexpenditure or lack of preparation. It is a dismal setting: garbage in the corners, dirty floor, scarred bricks, great lengths of rope hanging ominously from the rafters, as if waiting for those who fail.

"How ya doin'?" someone asks.

"Just standing here brackin' it," Liquori says.

"You worried?"

A grin. "I really didn't want this to be a big race. But now I'm standing here, my pulse's fluttering, my heart's jumping, and I think I just swallowed 25 butterflies."

"It's going to be like this from now on," the friend says.

"Yeah," Liquori says. He shakes his head. "I can't take any races lightly like

I used to. I guess the monkey's on my back now. But why?"

The why—and the monkey—came seven months before, on an overcast day at the NCAA track and field championships in Knoxville, Tenn. when Marty Liquori, until then just another promising young miler from Villanova, looked over his right shoulder and saw 10 yards of Tartan track between him and the runner in the powder-blue jersey and pink pants who had dogged his footsteps for 300 yards. Liquori turned, raised his fists, shouted an imprecation, broke into a smile and became the first American in four years to beat Jim Ryun in a mile race.

A week later he had another win in the AAU mile when Ryun quit; then in late July he ran an outstanding 3:37.2 in the 1,500 meters in Stuttgart, a race in which he reinjured his tender arches and ended his outdoor season. Still, at the age of 19, Liquori had run the fastest 1,500 meters of the year, the equivalent of a sub-3:55 mile, and established himself as the best miler in America, if not the world. The only other contender is Kipchoge Keino.

"That sends," Marty Liquori's mother would recall after the NCAAs. "It was only the second time I've ever seen him

A WINNING HAND is extended by Marty Liquori to an also-ran in the Midstate race





break into a smile like that. The other time was when he got his first bicycle." The bicycle, a three-speed English racer, was a Christmas gift in 1955, when Marty Liquori was 6. It lasted three years and has long since been replaced by a series of Thunderbirds. But the boy's taste very much foreshadowed the man's. In a sport, and a race, often given over to asceticism, he is something of an imp, choosing to live a life of existence rather than essence. "If someone ever stops to write about me," he said some time ago, "I want the people who read it to know I am not just another even-cut runner who goes around a track all day."

He is strongly influenced by Herb Elliott's book, *The Golden Mile*, and often talks about its author. "You can see how he enjoyed life," says Liquori. "I want people to know that I can hustle, too." So, like Elliott, Marty Liquori tells about free and uninhibited running coming from a free and uninhibited man. And he worries that through it all—his life with the monkey—the greatest problem will be saving his human qualities in the crusher of competition.

His instincts and pleasures are still, in the best ways, those of a child. He is early Beatle—simple, innocent, exuberant, at times mischievous, a zany guy moving through a series of zany scenes at double speed. *A Hard Day's Night* Miami. Sitting around the pool of the Doral Country Club four days after first beating Jim Ryun, four days before he will have to run against him again. He sips beer from a paper cup. "I know everyone will be watching me now," he says. "And I have to be careful not to come on too strong. But I don't want to turn into a recluse, either." Then the blue eyes flash, he puts down the beer, pulls up his blue shorts and does a series of flips off the high board. "He's

continued

Your wife's office is probably better equipped than yours.

It used to be, the American housewife had as hard a time doing her job as the American businessman has doing his.

She took so long getting each thing done, she rarely had time to get everything done.

But then she got smart. She discovered that machines could do a lot of the routine work she was doing. And give her time to do a lot more than just routine work.

So she simply put them in her office.

And by comparison, put her husband's office twenty to thirty years out of date.

At IBM, we have a family of machines that can help the businessman catch up.

They're called word processing machines.

Just two of them, for example, can help move ideas from a businessman's mind through his secretary's typewriter 50% faster.

With IBM dictation equipment, a businessman can dictate an idea four times faster than he can write it in longhand. And nearly twice as fast as his secretary can write it in shorthand.

Which means that he can communicate four ideas in the time it now takes for one or two.

As for his secretary, she can use the remarkable new IBM Mag Card Selectric Typewriter.

With the Mag Card Selectric, she never has to stop to erase or completely retype a page. If she makes a mistake, she types right over it. If her boss makes a revision, she types just the revision.

So she has time for a lot more typing, or a lot of other more interesting work.

And these aren't the only ways we can help. We also make other office equipment, such as the IBM Selectric Composer.

By simply typing on the Composer, a secretary actually sets type, making your typewritten reports look like printed reports. And cutting your reproduction time and costs by as much as 35%.

Tonight, before you do the work you couldn't finish in your office, take a good look at your wife's office.

Maybe you'll get the idea to call an IBM Office Products Division Representative.

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crazy," says teammate Dick Buerkle. "And scared of nothing."

Cut. He is hiding behind a tree just off Lancaster Pike on Philadelphia's Main Line. As an old lady stops her car for a light, he and two others jump out, tie a string of empty beer cans on her back bumper, then double up as she drives away.

A succession of quick cuts. The afternoon of a race, lurching on blintzes with strawberries and sour cream. The night after a race, in the corner of a pub, imitating W. C. Fields. The night of a banquet, appearing in a double-breasted fur overcoat. The first day of school at Villanova last September, walking into class with a full beard.

"Look," he says. "I'm a normal college kid. Just because I'm a runner doesn't mean I have to spend my life as an advertisement for clean living."

"A lot of other runners live in their own little world—live, sleep, eat and drink track," says Frank Murphy, an Irishman and ex-teammate of Liquori's at Villanova. "But Marty has other hobbies as well. A good European attitude. I mean, he knows how to go his own way, have a good time and a good laugh. He knows how to relax."

But the moments alone and chances to relax become increasingly rare. Sideburns and bell-bottoms make him a freak, torn blue jeans and a sweat shirt make him a slob; a beer makes him a drunkard; one late night makes him a debaucher. After his loss last month to Keino in the Philadelphia Track Classic they said he was over the hill, not training, drunk every night. Some even

suggested he not be invited to any meets until he got back in shape. Yet six days later he won an easy 4:02.6 mile at the Millrose Games. "Winning that was like stepping right out of hell," he said.

Later he would come back to the monkey. "I must admit," he said, "that events are causing me to withdraw a little bit from everything. Why, there was a time, just a while ago, that anything I did was taken with a grain of salt. I mean, I could go to a party without any clothes on and it wouldn't get much further than the people there. But any little thing now is liable to get blown up way out of proportion."

"I don't know why people react. The athletes really haven't changed that much. Those of yesterday—all those Jack Armstrongs—were doing the same things we're doing today but in private. They were shackled by the all-American image. After they were through playing they all wanted to get a job doing shaving commercials. And nobody was smart enough to ever think of shaving off a Fu Manchu. They wanted to make sure the Silent Majority was on their side."

"You know what bothers people?" says Dick Buerkle. "It bothers people that Marty's the typical northern New Jersey, New York City-type champion. He's got the typical attitude. Always hating you. Always on your back. Always chattering, busting you. Anything he does he does with chatter. Playing basketball on the playground, he chatters. Shooting pool, he chatters. Running track, he chatters. Down in the city half of it is talking your way to the top. If you only do it physically, you're just an-

other winner. And there are a lot of those around. Marty's a winner in more ways than one. A winner plus. A winner with personality."

When he entered Newark's Essex Catholic High School as a 110-pound freshman, Marty Liquori was thinking of anything but being a track champion, let alone the best miler in the world. Like any boy in any city, there were dreams of glory in basketball, then maybe baseball, perhaps even bowling. He went out for cross-country only because the basketball coach demanded it. He had no interest, he remembers, and less knowledge. He didn't bother to read about track or runners. He couldn't name one. But when more than 200 freshmen showed up for basketball practice, he went back to running. "I was the smallest kid out," he says. "It was dumb to even think about basketball."

He didn't stand out in track, either. "At that point I just let them go by themselves," recalls Fred Dwyer, who would coach Liquori into becoming the third high school four-minute miler. "I let them delineate the ranks themselves. Marty? Oh, skinny Obscure. I hate to use the word nonentity, but he was close to that."

The summer following his freshman year Marty Liquori fell in love with track. While others played, he ran 70 miles a week along the Jersey shore. He returned to school, trained, but still was so skinny Dwyer wouldn't let him run a competitive mile until late the next spring. "When I told him he had to run the half," Dwyer says, "he looked at me with fire in his eyes. He wanted to run the man's event. When I finally let him, he did 4:18. I knew we had something."

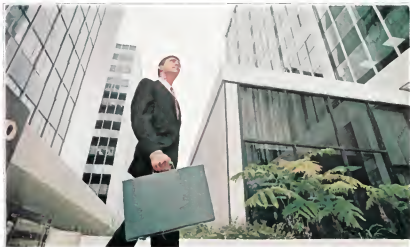
But in his junior year he tore ligaments in his right foot and could get his time for the mile down only five seconds. As a high school senior in 1967, he had mononucleosis during the indoor season. Yet at the Penn Relays he did a 4:04.4 and began the frustrating quest to break four minutes. First came a 4:01.1 at Compton, Calif.; he finished third and traded his prize, a transistor radio, to the winner, Jim Ryan, for a Polaroid camera. The next week a 4:00.1 in San Diego, he beat Dave Patrick and won a television set, and his father, cheering, ripped his pants. Finally, two weeks later, came a 3:59.8 in Bakersfield,

continued



IN A VILLANOVA REC ROOM, MARTY LIQUORI UNWINDS FROM RUNNING'S RIGORS

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We started with a sleek new shape and a low road-hugging stance. So it hovers right down there with Corvette.

To that we added more hood. A faster fastback. More glass for super visibility. And longer doors for easier entry.

New deeply contoured front buckets hold you in place. Even in a tight turn.



Camaro Sport Coupe with RS Equipment

We've never announced a car at this time before. But then nobody's ever announced a car like this before.

Two more bucket cushions in back.

The instrument panel wraps around you. With enough dials to make you think you're piloting a 707.

There are four transmissions available, and six power plants up to the Turbo-Jet 396 V8. Pick the one that best suits your adrenalin capacity. Then go pick on an open road.

And while you're at it, make it a road with plenty of twisting



turns. Because this year Camaro has a remarkable new front and rear suspension that gives it a leech-like grip. With all that go, you want an equal amount of stop. You have it.

Front disc brakes are standard.

Other sportsters feared it might come to this. And they were right. Only their timing was wrong. Putting you first, keeps us first.

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See it. At your Chevrolet Sports Dept.



Son of the famous Col. Jim Beam, T. Jeremiah is the fifth generation of a Kentucky family that's been making the same Bourbon since 1795. That's a long time for one family to make one product, according to one formula.

As a matter of fact, 1970 marks the 175th anniversary of the year in which Jacob Beam, founder of the Beam clan, sold his first barrel

of Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey.

Since then, six generations of Beams have been following in Jacob's footsteps, making Bourbon the way he did, according to a formula that's been a Beam family secret, practiced as a family art.

When Springtime comes to these Kentucky hills, it works its seasonal magic on thousands of

white oak barrels, aging the Beam family's Bourbon. The same as it has for the past 175 Springtimes.

So when you take a sip of Jim Beam, savor it for a moment. Notice its quality and its light taste. That's what we mean when we say it's a 175-year-old family art.

T. Jeremiah Beam. Part of the Beam family art for 175 Springtimes.

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Calif. It was the day Ryan ran a world-record 3:51.1, and few noticed Liquori, 70 yards back, in seventh place.

"I didn't realize it when I started," Liquori says now, "but running fitted my personality. Maybe it's selfish, but I'd rather be a champion miler than be on a championship football team. I get more satisfaction knowing that, say, no one will drop a pass that I may throw. If I blow it and lose, I know it's 100% my fault. And if I win, I know it's 100% my doing."

Which, with Marty Liquori, is what it always comes down to. There are certainly no extraordinary workouts; he is often beaten by teammates at Villanova. Nor are there spectacular quarter-mile or half-mile times; his best open half is a mediocre 1:50. His most evident qualities are simple: consistency in training ("You have to forget what days like Christmas and Thanksgiving mean," he says) and instincts on a track that make him the smartest distance runner competing today.

But even these considerations become secondary to the person and the character, rooted back in Newark, in the days of slicked hair, pegged pants, yellow-on-yellow shirts with the high-roll collar and amateur rock 'n' roll bands with names like the Echoes and the Countdowns. "It was tough getting along," he remembers. "You had to look cool. Or at least think you were cool." It was a time and a place where you needed a hustle to not only be recognized but to survive. The chrome hubcaps were reversed, and the car, with a perfect red paint job, got waxed twice a week. No matter that you couldn't drive. It was part of the education of self-preservation. Says Liquori, "I would say that I learned to depend on no one but myself."

"He's proud of himself," says Coach Dwyer. "And that covers a multitude of virtues."

Slowly the hustle—and the confidence that came with it—carried over to track, and now it is laughing on the starting line or eating blintzes or drinking beer. "Someone who puts himself on the spot, withstands the pressure and comes through," says Liquori. "I guess that's a hustler." His friends call him The Hustler or The Shrew or The Gangster, all with a certain amount of amazement, a certain amount of respect. "Only in very, very isolated moments will he show any worry," says Buurke. "Like maybe we'll

be walking along and he'll drop something like 'You know, they're all after me now' and that's it." Buurke pauses, then shrugs his shoulders over something he cannot fully understand. "I don't know. I really don't know if he doesn't think at all. Or if he just doesn't think of losing."

The same idea comes up again and again. From Pete Petersens, coach of the Southern California Striders: "I don't think Marty knows what worry is." From "Jumbo" Elliott, his coach at Villanova: "I always call Marty my cool cat." Another teammate, Chris Mason: "With Marty, running is like driving a car. When you set out you know you're going to get there, though a lot of people will get in your way. He knows at the beginning of the race, if he's ready he'll win."

And finally, from Liquori himself: "I wouldn't mind if track were the kind of thing where someone put up \$1,000 that he could beat you, and you just went out and settled it between the two of you. Raced to see who was the best in the world—and for a little bit of money, too." Still, almost unrecognized by even Liquori, the monkey has popped up here as well. Motivation changes from merely desiring success to fearing failure. And the honors already won don't seem so important now; there is more thought—and worry—about those not yet attained.

These are emotions Liquori doesn't often expose. Those close to him say he never complains and never seems to worry. When he talks about the new pressures words come slowly, with restraint. "It's frightening," he will admit, "but I've already gone too far to turn back." He plays with a glass, sucking the melting ice. He wipes the sweat from his forehead. "Guess I'm not as cool as I thought I was."

The monkey. "Sure I think of defeat. I think of it every day, and that's what makes me get out of bed. It's like a bad dream. Yeah, there's more success. I want, but proving last year wasn't a fluke drives me harder than any anticipated joy of winning."

"My father always told me that no matter how well I do, I'm never going to be the best, that someone will always be around to beat me. That's why track drives me crazy. You have to keep going. A victory lasts one night, and the next morning you're zero-

zero again. Victory is never as exciting as it should be."

"And, of course, inside, I can't help but think of Munich and the Olympics. I can almost imagine how Keino felt in Mexico City. I can't even watch films of that race without getting goose pimples and everything and really anticipating. I can almost imagine what it would feel like. But there's always the fear, because I can just as easily imagine how it would feel to work that long—then fail."

"That's one reason why I really hated to see all those bad things happen to Jim. Because I know that some day the same thing is liable to happen to me."

The snow along the side of the road has turned to between-storm ugliness, and the few flurries that fall do nothing to cover the gray. It is cold and the wind blows, but Marty Liquori is protected, riding inside a car. He is moving through the hills and woods of what all Villanova distance runners have come to call their Frolic Loop. In the summer it can be charming—10 miles by the backyards of some of the Main Line's most splendid estates, past a duck pond, a creek, goats and cows and may include even a stop to pick wild apples. But in winter it turns depressing, and as Liquori reaches the top of the hill he says how later that afternoon, when he gets to that point he will swear at the top of his lungs, "cursing the cold, cursing the wind and most of all cursing myself for being such a damn fool to be out there."

He drives past an artist's house, a refurbished mansion really, set far back in the trees. Then another barn where, he says, the goats stay on the coldest days. He turns left, down Darby-Pool Road, past a field where, if the cows are grazing, you can run along screaming and have the whole herd follow you to the end of the pasture a mile ahead. He smiles. "I have to laugh when I think of all that's happening," he says. "In a way I think I've put the whole world on. I mean, I was just a skinny little kid, and everybody who used to watch me run around the neighborhood must just be sitting back there thinking to themselves, 'Not Liquori. Not that run.'"

"Sure it can be a hassle. But I'm putting it over. And the whole thing is quite a kick." Then, heading home, he laughs again, this time harder.

END

Glutton.

This Atlas Plycron 2 plus 2 fiberglass belted tire has a voracious appetite for mileage—the kind you never expected before.

The new Atlas Plycron 2 plus 2 fiberglass belted tire was subjected to some of the industry's toughest testing procedures. Results of this test prove that Atlas gives you really outstanding mileage.

Strength puts Atlas ahead. It's because all 11 cords and belts are bonded into a single

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And for traction, the unique wide tread pattern provides hundreds of gripping edges in contact with the road at a 100° angle.

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Be a glutton for mileage. Greater mileage saves you money. Get a set of Atlas Plycron 2 plus 2 tires today!

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ATLAS
PLYCRON 2 PLUS 2

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After a hard day's play, a pro athlete ought to be able to crawl into his hotel room and let his hair down, but if he stops at the Sheraton in Philadelphia he had best be on his toes. Mickey McCloskey, the bell captain there, has a good-guy team going. Some of the guys: **John Kerr**, "The nicest guy in basketball"; **Orlando Cepeda**, "The greatest guy in baseball"; **Walt Frazier**, "Sweetest of the mod types"; **Wilt Chamberlain**, "Likes a high room on the south side; quiet, moody, good tipper"; **Red Schoendienst**, "Like a favorite big brother"; **Lou Brock**, "Most humble." What about sweethearts like **Bob Lilly** and **Billy Kilmer**? Football players don't get rated because McCloskey doesn't work weekends.

♦ "Veni, vidi, vici!" crowed **Marshall Tito** to Daniel arap Moi, the vice-president of Kenya, and with good reason. On a state visit to Kenya (from), the Yugoslavian president and **Mama Tito** had gone hunting; had seen (and) a three-ton male rhino, a 2½-ton buffalo and a "huge" lion, and Tito had shot (vici, sort of) all three, bringing

down the rhino and the lion with single shots. Madame earlier had got herself a zebra and an impala. If she made a classical allusion it was not reported.

The alumni of St. Charles High School in Columbus, Ohio thought it would be nice to have **Joe Garagiola** speak at a reunion, so Dr. John Clifford, a dentist, undertook to set it up. He called NBC, where they referred him to Joe's agent. The agent said Joe's fee would be \$4,000. Dr. Clifford said, "Well, thank you anyway." Then added, "I'm sure glad he didn't bat over 260."

As British Open champion **Tony Jacklin** emerged from Buckingham Palace last week, where he had gone to pick up his O.B.E. from **Queen Elizabeth**, he found himself unexpectedly on camera, the "victim" of the British version of the TV show *This Is Your Life*. Predictably shouting, "I don't believe it," Jacklin was rushed off to the studio to complete the program. Among those on hand were **Bert Lance**, his closest friend on the U.S. tour, while **Jack Nicklaus** appeared on

film. Jacklin was reminded that in 1955 he had won a xylophone in a yo-yo contest. He was handed a yo-yo to determine whether he had retained his skill. He hadn't. On his first release, the yo-yo flew from his hand and disappeared forever off camera.

"Ballplayers run far too much with their toes out and their heads up and back," says **Wes Santee**. "What is worse, they actually lean back to see where the ball has gone. Why look at the shortstop if you've hit the ball to him? You know what he'll do when he gets it." Santee, once America's best miler, and **Bill Easton**, his former coach at Kansas, have temporarily joined the staff of the Kansas City Royals to try to improve running and training techniques. It is their opinion that if baseball players ran properly, they would get to first safely a dozen more times over a season. Another of their proposals is that an outfielder shouldn't jog back to his position but engage in a series of 10- to 15-yard sprints so that muscles are stretched and adrenalin flows. Says Santee, "I know baseball players are traditionalists, and they'll think they look funny doing sprints, but the way I look at it would be, 'I don't care how silly I look, I'm going to the bank later.'" Lots of luck, gentlemen.

Bobby Richardson, **Paul Anderson**, **Jerry Seinfeld**, **Carroll Oule**, **Don Shinnick** and **Steve Sporrer** were on hand in Jacksonville not long ago for a Fellowship of Christian Athletes rally. However, the star of the three-day program was **Mike Crain**, an ordained Baptist minister and a black-belt karate instructor, who performed in a demonstration entitled *Karate for Christ*. Crain broke a set of concrete blocks with his forehead. "You'll notice I yell as I hit them," he said. "That's done to completely



void my mind of any sensation, so I won't feel pain. And, just as breaking these blocks requires a lot of power, my living requires God's power. *Romans 1:16* says, 'For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.'" Anyone care to suggest a more concrete demonstration of faith?

♦ The most hair-raising news of the season may be that **Walt (Clyde) Frazier** of the Knicks and **Mike Battie** of the Jets have teamed up in something called *Battie & Clyde's Penthouse Salon*, which is a barbershop near Madison Square Garden. A clip joint? Well, not exactly. A hair-styling sets you back \$7, a comb-out \$5, hairpiece servicing (including styling and cleaning) \$10, a permanent \$12 and straightening \$25, but Knick tickets are available for \$4-\$7 and Jet tickets for \$4-\$8 as a courtesy to "regular customers." These are box-office prices, but the operative word is "available."



Point and (sob) counterpoint

Mississippi College scored 146 points—and got beaten to maintain its record as the game's most prolific loser by DICK RUSSELL

James O. Allen, an optimist, leaned across the dashboard of his 1969 Cadillac and raised a finger heavenward. "Give me the material," he said, "and I'll go to Lexington tomorrow night and get 125 against Kentucky or anybody else, because we can get it and we can move it."

Allen meant move the ball, and he had visions of it flying around the court like a heat-crazed goat as his suddenly lofty heroes from tiny Mississippi College ran Adolph Rupp's Praits and Isells ragged on their own stomping grounds. But this is not a perfect world, as Allen knows. "If they'd only outlaw the zone defense," he sighed, "we'd have some good basketball teams. Why, I wouldn't drive from here over the top of the next hill to watch Tennessee play."

Some people think that Allen's quarrel is not with the zone defense so much as it is with any defense at all. While his players have gained reputations as the runniest, grungiest hombres since Bitch and the Kid, like those delightful desperadoes they have tended to end their free and easy ways slightly more gunned against than their would-be victims. The boys from Clinton, Miss., in fact, may be the highest-scoring losers in NCAA history.

Disbelief that things could be that bad with the predominantly white, Baptist-supported school of 2,300 students began early in the season when the NCAA reported that Mississippi College, averaging 112 points a game, led the nation in scoring and was 0-5. A mistake, surely, long-distance callers said to MC's public-relations man, Norman Gough. "What could I tell them?" Gough says.

Gough could have told them about MC's first game. The Choctaws (or "Chocs," as their friends call them) opened the season with a loss to Livingston (Ala.) University 160-146. They followed this with a 135-131 lacing at the hands of Southeastern Louisiana. Allen, whose 1960-61 team set the mark for season average (114.2) and single game total (166), found the scores brace-

ing but feels he would have been a winner, too, if his only rebounding power, two 6'6" starters and a 6'5" substitute, had not left the team. He was forced to move four freshmen into the lineup.

"We're at our lowest ebb ever," he says. "During those first few games they'd be playing those clubs and sitting on 130 and you'd be wondering how they got there. But we're too small and too slow. I'm afraid it's hopeless."

Things have picked up a bit. The Chocs have won three of their 24 games, but they are down to 98 points a game, which is, sadly, six points less than Jacksonville, the major college leader. MC opposition is averaging 109.5.

Among other vexations Allen has had to endure is the long net track. To hold down the scoring, Allen says, rivals tighten the nets with a drawstring at the bottom. "Every time the ball goes through," he says, "the ball sticks, wasting time. We started carrying a pocketknife. During warmup when they weren't looking we'd send a boy in for a layup and he'd cut the string." Other schools would either slap the ball every time it came through the hoop or hand it to the referee. "Technical fouls," Allen complains. "But you get away from home and they won't call them."

Home is a gym called "the Crack-box." A new roof was tacked on this summer after The Night of the Great Leak, when the players found themselves sloshing upcourt through a February rain. A few weeks ago a water pipe burst and the lobby ceiling caved in—fortunately not on Jehu Brabham, a 6' junior who is the star of the team. Jehu was the Biblical figure who thought the best way to reform people was to annihilate them. When he is not annihilating himself—Brabham falls about 20 times a game—he plays havoc with close to 30 points a game, mostly 25-footers.

Brabham has become philosophical about seasons like this and the last one, when MC averaged 100.6 and finished 5-18. "I hate to lose even in liddeddywinks, but it's a challenge to go out there and fight those big guys to death. They know

they've been in a ball game when their lungs are exploding five times more than usual."

Allen goes to unique lengths to shorten lungs. His daily long floor drill is a race against the scoreboard clock to see how many points five men can score in three minutes, churning full court with two passes every time. The school record is 130. This season against North-east Louisiana State, at the time the nation's 20th-ranked small-college team, MC scored 27 in the last three minutes and lost only 112-100.

Allen's philosophy became ingrained around 1929 when, as a 6'4" guard for Mississippi College, he helped beat the original New York Celtics in Meridian, Miss. "We just kept forcing and forcing 'em," he recalls. "That made 'em mad, and they beat us by 25 the next night."

"People say we don't have any defense," he says. "But you look at our statistics and we get outrebounded every time and still take more shots. That means we have to get some turnovers."

That night the Chocs lost again to Livingston, this time 133-113. "Ah, well, it makes all the difference when they can stand there and lob 'em over your head," said James Allen, who still could see a point in points.

THE WEEK

by PETER GARRY

MIDWEST Basketball has been so bad at Rice since the Owls last won the Southwest Conference in 1954 that Don Knodel was asked by a friend when he decided to take the head coaching position four years ago, "Is this the only job in the country you can get?" Right now it is just about the only job Knodel would want. With victories of 85-78 over Arkansas and 75-67 over Texas last week, Rice stands two games ahead in the SWC with three games to play. In their important win over the Longhorns, the Owls trailed at halftime as they have in eight of their 11 league games this year. Then their busy guards, Tom Myer and Gary Reist, two out-of-state imports from Indiana and Ohio, shot down Texas' zone defense with 47 points between them.

Also a double winner, Kansas State knocked off Missouri 63-50 and Nebraska 69-62 to insure itself at least a tie for the

Big Eight title. The Wildcats can thank the long memory and longer arms of defensive substitute David Lawrence for their victory over second-place Mizzou. Last year K-State lost to the Tigers when Pete Helmbock snuck behind the State defense for an easy layup late in the game. With the Wildcats ahead by one point and 1:16 to play last week, Helmbock attempted the same maneuver and looked headed for a sure basket when Lawrence stepped in his way and blocked the shot. The State sub retrieved the loose ball and added an insurance layup.

Unpleasant memories for Guard Don Ogletree figured in red-hot Cincinnati's 53-52 win over Louisville. Earlier the Cardinals had defeated the Bearcats by one point when Ogletree missed a free throw in the final 10 seconds of play. In the latest game, Ogletree retrieved his reputation by dropping in two foul shots with 17 seconds left to seal the Cincinnati victory, its 10th straight. Louisville's loss gave Drake, which defeated Wichita 90-83 in overtime and Tulsa 80-74, the lead in the Missouri Valley Conference. Two weak Louisiana teams, Loyola of New Orleans and Centenary, fell to Houston 99-80 and 97-72.

1. HOUSTON (20-3) 2. DRAKE (10-5)

WEST During a time-out with two minutes to play and Oregon leading UCLA by 15 points, Bruin Coach John Wooden strolled over to the Ducks' bench, shook Coach Steve Belko's hand and said, "It's going to be a little wild at the end, Steve. So I thought I'd say congratulations now. You beat us every way you could." In handing UCLA its first defeat of the season and breaking the Bruins' winning streak at 25 games, the Webfoots outshot the Bruins (43%-34%), outrebounded them (56-52) and, most important, outscored them (78-65). Center Stan Love and Forward Rusty Blar led four Oregon scorers in double figures with 19 points apiece, and Blar broke the tide of a UCLA rally early in the second half by firing in five consecutive field goals. The Ducks' win, coupled with their victory earlier in the week over Southern Cal 92-83, moved them into second place ahead of the Trojans in the Pacific Eight, and it left the country without an undefeated major college team.

Neither Utah nor UTEP, the Western Athletic Conference's two best teams, seemed to want the league lead. First conference leader Utah was upset 83-69 by a Colorado State team that used a tenacious man-for-man defense to prevent the Utes from shooting from their favorite spots. The Redskins converted only 36% of their field-goal attempts. Their loss was UTEP's gain, but only temporarily. The Miners, suffering through a dismal 50-31 first half, dropped the WAC lead after a tiring

by Arizona 86-72. Coach Don Hawkins turned to shock treatment at the intermission to rally his team. He stayed out of the locker room as hopes that his players would come up with the right answers. They were only slightly better in the second half.

Utah State, which had beaten Denver by 27 points earlier, and Santa Clara were also upset victims. The Aggies' offense was clogged up by the Poncers' sagging zone defense, and they lost 78-73. Santa Clara again dropped into a tie with Pacific for the West Coast Athletic Conference lead when it was blackjacked by Nevada at Las Vegas 72-70.

New Mexico State trailed West Texas State with 10 minutes remaining to play, but rallied to win 87-73.

5. UCLA (21-1) 3. NEW MEXICO ST. (21-2)

MIDEAST Georgia Coach Ken Rosemond figured he would need hot shooting from his team to beat Kentucky and stay close in the Southeastern Conference race. Rosemond got just what he ordered as the Bulldogs hit 50% of their shots, but he failed to take into account the accuracy of Kentucky's sharpshooters. The Wildcats scored on 62% of their field-goal tries and won 116-86 to knock Georgia out of contention. The Wildcats, who later defeated LSU 121-105 despite 64 points by the Tigers' Pete Maravich, now need only two wins in their final four games to take their 25th SEC title in the league's 38-year history. Center Dan Issel sparked the Kentucky victories over its two closest pursuers with 91 points.

Iowa bounced out two of its top three rivals in the Big Ten with wins on the road. Illinois held the Hawkeyes' Johnny Johnson to 17 points, nine under his average, but Iowa had some defense of its own just when it was needed. With 8:45 to play and the Illini leading 63-60, Glenn (Chickenman) Vidnovic, a skinny, defensive substitute, began guarding Illinois' Ralch Horvat, who scored 32 points in the game. Vidnovic held Horvat without a point for four minutes while his team opened the five-point lead that insured its 83-81 triumph. Johnson was back in top form against Ohio State. After telling Coach Ralph Miller, "Don't worry about me I'm not going to miss all those eight-footers tonight," Johnson converted 16 of 24 shots and scored a career high of 38 points as Iowa won 97-89. Purdue then handed Illinois its sixth straight loss 88-81 as Rick Mount scored 40 points. The win kept the defending Big Ten champion Boilermakers in contention, two games behind the Hawkeyes.

Western Kentucky sewed up the Ohio Valley Conference championship by defeating

Tennessee Tech 100-66 and Morehead 98-74 while independents Notre Dame and Marquette looked like sure choices for the arena's two at-large bids to the NCAA tournament. The Irish beat Tulane 115-80, NYU 77-65 and West Virginia 114-78. The Warriors topped Detroit 80-60.

1. KENTUCKY (25-1) 2. IOWA (18-4)

EAST The largest basketball crowd (10,050) in state history jammed the Jacksonville Coliseum last week to see Jacksonville revenge its only loss of the season by beating Florida State 85-81. The Dolphins' 7' 2" Artis Gilmore dominated the game, scoring 19 points, snaring 21 rebounds and blocking eight shots, but he was not alone. Guard Rex Morgan posed for 11 assists, and Chip Dublin and Pembroke Burrows III combined to score 11 consecutive points in the first half to bring Jacksonville from six points behind into the lead. The crusher for FSU came with 10:35 left to play in the second period when Willie Williams, who had 19 points and 11 rebounds in all, fouled out. Williams had just rallied the Seminoles with 11 straight points to tie the score 59-59.

With St. Bonaventure, which defeated St. Francis (N.Y.) 87-57 and LIU 71-61, virtually assured an at-large bid to the NCAA championships, Niagara, St. John's, Villanova and Duquesne battled for the right to join the Bonnies. Niagara, 19-4 for the year, looks like the best bet after beating St. John's 72-70. Calvin Murphy led the Purple Eagles with 32 points, including the two decisive free throws with 14 seconds remaining in the game.

"I especially wanted to beat Duquesne because at the end of last year's game they were freezing the ball and I was proving myself," remembered Villanova Guard Fran O'Hanlon. "They were going between their legs and behind their backs and they were making a fool out of me." As the Wildcats won 94-83 last week, O'Hanlon was nobody's fool. He scored 21 points and added 11 assists, including four baskets and three fouls during a seven-minute stretch in the second half when his team came from eight points behind to a four-point edge.

Syracuse's hot-tempered, 6' 11" center, Bill Smith, was suspended indefinitely by his school as a result of clouting a referee a week ago at the close of the Orangemen's loss to West Virginia.

Davidson was upset 79-76 in overtime by Duke but later clinched its third straight regular-season Southern Conference title by beating George Washington 91-74. Boston College jolted Georgetown's hopes for a bid to New York's National Invitation Tournament with a 79-69 victory.

1. S. CAROLINA (21-2) 2. ST. BONA (18-1)

All this and rainbows, too

Texans have one more goody to stuff into their cornucopia—trout, albeit imported ones, for the catching in the Guadalupe



HARRY JERSIG WITH A RAINBOW TRIO

A finicky fly-fisherman given to Lecom and rods and Hardy reels, not to mention the ultimate refinement of lines, leaders and lures attendant upon that sport, can easily run up a four-figure bill in an afternoon at Abercrombie & Fitch's. The trout purist, after all, is the most discriminating of anglers. He is concerned less with catching fish than with *how* they are caught, and he will spare no expense to properly perform his art. The fulcrum of any fishing department, he is as recognizable by his conservative dress and distinguished manner as is the Texas eat fisherman by his five-gallon hat and cowboy boots.

At least that is the way it used to be. But lately Texans have become the big spenders at fly-fishing counters, a fact that prompted one salesman to ask if the buyer were planning a trip to Ireland. "Hell, no!" the Texan bellowed. "This is for home, boy, back home in Texas."

Trout? In Texas? Well, as a matter of fact, yes. Not only are they genuine rainbow trout, but they are found in some of the prettiest trout water anywhere. More improbable still, the trout and the water are producing a breed of fly-fisherman who may well prove to be the purest of them all.

Texas streams traditionally have been too warm for such cold-climate fish as trout, which prefer water temperature between 45° and 70°. The state's 4,000 rivers, streams, creeks and bayous are filled with bass, carp, suckers, eels, sunfish, crappies, bluegills, catfish—all simple, hardy, familiar fishes that require no special gear to catch. With such a surfeit of meat fish around, who missed trout?

The answer is almost nobody except a fisheries biologist named Richard L. White and a San Antonio brewer named Harry Jersig. White, Jersig and trout were brought together four years ago by Canyon Dam on the Guadalupe River between San Antonio and Austin. Before the dam was completed in 1964, annual rises of 40 and 50 feet were common in this area. Because of such flooding, no industry, farming or wildlife could survive.

White, stationed then at the Texas Parks & Wildlife State Hatchery in San Marcos, headed a project studying the fishery potential of the area. By the time ground was broken for the dam, his group of bright young biologists and

wildlife specialists had produced a roomful of reports. One of these studies suggested that trout might be able to live in the waters below the dam.

"Nobody took the idea seriously at first," White recalls. "It was more a case of covering every possibility. But as the dam and the research grew, the idea of trout became more and more intriguing."

The two prime requisites of rainbow trout are cold water and sufficient oxygen. The extreme depth of the lake formed by the dam indicated that bottom temperatures would run about 58°. This meant that water released into the Guadalupe River would be, for about a nine-mile stretch, of temperatures compatible with trout survival and growth. White was convinced that the nine miles of Guadalupe River below the dam could be transformed into the country's most southerly trout stream.

"In my enthusiasm I overlooked one thing," White says. "The trout. I had the water but no fish, and that was no small problem. This is bass country down here, and you don't spend a bass fisherman's taxes on trout. Not if you want to stay in Texas, anyway."

Thanks to Harry Jersig, Dick White is still in Texas and there are plenty of trout in the Guadalupe River. Jersig, as a member of the Texas Parks & Wildlife Commission, had been following Dick White's project from its beginnings. He was also an old hand at transforming the most unlikely bodies of water into trout pools. For several years, as a promotion for his Lone Star Brewery, he had been dispatching tanks (the largest 12 by 60 feet with a capacity of 5,760 gallons) full of trout to charity bazaars and local fairs around the state.

Operation X-bow, as Jersig named the Guadalupe trout experiment, was made to order for Lone Star. Its former motto, "We make the most of nature's best," extends beyond malt and hops into all phases of conservation. South of San Antonio, Lone Star has 30,300 acres of land in experimental game-management and brush-control programs, the results of which directly aid Texas Parks & Wildlife research. The brewery itself is a monument to hunting and fishing and a regular stop on San Antonio sight-seeing tours. Its cypress-paneled Hall of Fish contains more than 70 mounted specimens of marine life, ranging from palmsized pinfish to a 1,056-pound black

continued



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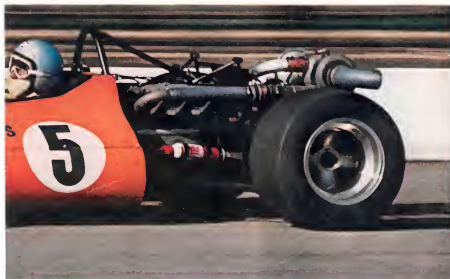
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Over the years Jersig has collected almost as much knowledge about wildlife as trophies of it. His knowledge of rainbow trout prior to Operation X-bow spanned 10 years of research with a trout hatchery in Missouri. Jersig was as convinced as White that the rainbows not only could survive but thrive on the Guadalupe.

In April 1966 Jersig and White released 10,000 12- to 14-inch rainbows into the swirling currents of the Guadalupe below Canyon Dam. While White and Jersig grained for photographers, local anglers gathered on the riverbank. They were armed, as for most Texas angling, with worms, plugs, spoons and an assortment of tackle heavy enough to beach a tuna. The young pen-raised trout, ravenous after the trip from Missouri, were pulled out of the water almost as fast as they were put in.

"We learned a few things on that first drop," says Jersig. "First, if we did not feed the fish until they were full just before stocking, they could be caught on anything from a beer-can opener to a piece of bubble gum. The first day is critical. After that they get smart. We also discovered that eight-inch fish did better from an economic standpoint than the larger ones we originally stocked. The fish we stock now average four to five ounces and grow at the rate of one-quarter of an inch a month. One was caught in 1968 that weighed 4 pounds 12 ounces. Obviously, they are thriving."

Since the first drop in 1966, Lone Star has put more than 35,000 trout in the Guadalupe River. "The brewery provided most of the money," says White. "but the beautiful thing is that they let us handle the program entirely."

White's tagging and fin-clipping studies since 1966 indicate that most of the trout do stay within the nine-mile stretch south of the dam. Since water temperatures, which average from 58° to 62°, do not fall off abruptly at one specific point, a few wander beyond, and ran-

dom trout have been taken as far as 25 miles below the dam. But these are exceptions. The harvest rate of 50% within three to four months of stocking is strong evidence that the majority stay where they are put.

Such high harvest is ample proof, too, of Operation X-bow's success. There is no question that the trout are doing even better than anticipated, although to date there has been no indication that they are reproducing.

"This is not as dire as it sounds," White points out. "Very few trout fisheries in the U.S. are self-sustaining in terms of reproduction carrying the stream's potential of fish. In 1969 Colorado spent \$1 1/2 million doing exactly what we are doing here—providing put-and-take fishing. At this point, we are not really concerned with reproduction. What we care most about is providing anglers with attractive, interesting fishing."

"Before the dam," White explains, "the fishery in this whole area was dead. At the most liberal guess, this 10- to 15-mile stretch of stream provided maybe 500 man-hours of fishing a year. Today the same water produces 25,000 man-hours of sport in the same period. We have taken a dead area, revived it and transformed it into one of the most unique fisheries in the U.S."

It is also one of the prettiest. Giant cypress trees rise above the banks, their roots gnarled and twisted. The water, clear and pollution-free, tumbles over limestone flats and rocky falls, swirling into frothy eddies. The surrounding country is pastoral and sparsely settled, unchanged physically by its new-found fame.

Even so, the economic impact on the area has been enormous. Where there was once little to attract anyone into the region, anglers now come from all over the state. There is no closed season, and creel limits are five trout. Regular angling groups drive down from Houston and Dallas some weekends, and day fishermen out of San Antonio and Austin keep cash registers ringing in Canyon City and nearby towns.

But the most dramatic change has occurred in the anglers themselves. "You should have seen the outfits they showed up with at first—even surfcasting gear," White recalls. "But then some of the northern transplants who live or are stationed near here came out, and they were something else again. They had



JERSIG CASTING ON THE GUADALUPE

those hats with the flies stuck in them, little trout vests, dip nets, wicker creels and all kinds of stuff we used to see only in catalogs."

The reaction of local anglers was a combination of astonishment and amusement. When the Yankees strapped cleats onto their waders, the natives snickered. When they waded out into the fast-moving water, there was loud laughter. But when the Northerners began catching fish, a sudden silence fell on the spectators. Texas habits die hard, but none is immortal. The locals could not ignore the fact that the fly-fishermen were catching fish when they were not.

Soon fly rods were being whipped up and down the Guadalupe by the natives. Former meat fishermen now speak of "the poetry of angling," while others debate the relative merits of Royal Coachmen and Parmachene Belles. Words such as Plectoptera, Trichoptera, caddis and nymph slide easily off Texas tongues these days, and such books as *The Complete Fly Fisherman*, *Matching the Hatch* and *All About Trout* are turning up in more and more ranch libraries. In San Antonio there is even a newly formed chapter of Trout Unlimited.

"Who ever would have believed that could happen in Texas?" says Dick White. Fortunately for Texas, he and Harry Jersig believed. END

Some Reds sail in the sunset

Everybody knows Norway always wins Nordic championships. It looked that way this time, too—when, suddenly, up jumped the Russians

Just about the time the sun was setting on the world Alpine ski championship in Italy—that's the glamour event, the one where people race down the mountains—the other world championship was already under way in Czechoslovakia. That's the Nordic, the plain, poor folks' next door, the ones who race cross-country and jump off hills. Nordic racers not only endure hardships, they insist on them. And right from the start there were plenty of hardships to go around, especially for anyone who figured that this would be the usual Nordic meet. The Norwegians would win everything and go back to their fjords full of medals, right? Not this time.

To start with, there was grumbling that the International Ski Federation had permitted the two world championships to overlap. But there was no reason to get too exercised; not many Alpine racing fans would have cared to assemble in the silent woods of Vysoké Tatry, where there were no colorful gondolas to ride, no beautiful Jet Setters; where Bogner stretch pants would look almost

indecent and where the modest dinner steak comes without sauce *à la russe*. Vysoké Tatry lies out in the cold Northeast, maybe 10 miles from Poland, 120 miles from Russia and 50 miles from Hungary, and its sturdy people prefer to be called Slovaks rather than Czechs. For the Nordics the setting was perfect: up in the Tatra Mountains lay the most demanding cross-country race courses the world has ever seen and the two finest pieces of engineering art in all Europe, the 70- and 90-meter ski jumps.

The show was worth going off to the woods to see. Ever since the first world Nordic championship in 1925, the Norwegians—who invented cross-country skiing, oh, say, about 4,000 years ago—had taken more gold medals than any other country. After that, the Finns and the Swedes won all the rest, the Russians were way back and the Americans were out of sight. So when the big-boned, tall lumberjacks from Norway with names like Elfesæter, Martinsen and Tyldum arrived, they wore the arrogant expressions of confident supermen.

Czechoslovakia 1970 changed the



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WINNER OF THE TEST OF NERVES, GARI NAPALKOV EDGES TOWARD TWO GOLD MEDALS

look: surprisingly, two days before the meet ended, the Norsemen still had not won a gold medal and—what was worse—their always-powerful men's and women's teams had finished an embarrassing fourth in both relay races. Only Odd Martinsen, a 28-year-old woodsman from Bull, had salvaged a silver medal in the 15-kilometer and a bronze in the 30-kilometer race. And Lars Gram, 26, who used to make sausages in an Oslo butcher shop, had managed a third place in the 70-meter jump. When they got to counting up the medals before the last two big events—the 90-meter jump and 50-kilometer race—it was painfully clear that Russia, which had won everything so far, was making a historic Nordic move.

Still, with people who knew their Nordics best, the real tests were still ahead—the ones that could determine the course of the sport for years to come. The 90-meter jump is at once the most scary and the most sensational event in Nordic competition, and there were plenty of tough ones around to try it. For one, there was Norway's Bjoern Wirkola, that reliable little fireplug, the only man in history to win gold medals on both jumps. And, of course, the Norsemen are always deadly in the 50-kilometer race. Fittingly—although nobody will ever know where they all came from—150,000 spectators flanked the foot of the big hill to watch.

All week long Russia's Vladimir Belousov had been pegged as one of the men to beat, a Big Bird as jumpers say—whenever jumpers say anything at all. Belousov, a 23-year-old soldier with melancholy green eyes, had won the gold medal in the 90-meter jump at the Olympics in Grenoble and was doing a good psyching job on the others in the meet. He had winged off the hill beautifully in practice, topping it off with what experts said was a rare perfect jump, about 368 feet. Meanwhile, his teammate, Gari Napalkov, who had just won the 70-meter jump, had looked pretty ragged. But Napalkov—who collects Tom Jones records and who may be the most optimistic Russian anyone has ever met—professed not to be dismayed. "Now we will see who is the better man," he said. And the better man, he indicated, would be the man with the most nerve.

Exactly. Down at the bottom of the hill on jump day, those tens of thousands were not rooting for either of the

Russians, nor for Wirkola—but for their own countryman, Jiri Raska, a Grenoble gold and silver medal winner and very much a big bird himself. In the first jump both Napalkov and Raska landed at 300' 5" and Belousov at 297', an effort that left them in 13th, seventh and 12th places, respectively, when points for style were included—and it set up the dramatic showdown. (It also shut out Wirkola, who was to finish back in 27th spot.)

Next jump, from a higher platform, Belousov choked. He lost his courage somewhere on that long, icy trail down to the edge of the world, jumped 306' 11", but landed a bit unsteadily. Next came Napalkov, winging smoothly, dazzlingly, to a perfect 359' 5". He landed lightly, which is tricky business, straightened up and, while still running it out, clasped his hands over his head in a victory wave. Never mind that Raska was still to come. The Russian men danced around a lot and kissed each other on the mouth a lot, which is one of their quaint customs. And, sure enough, the little Czech managed only 324' 9", which got him the silver medal. A Pole, Daniel Stanislaw Gaisienica, sailed in third.

And what of Belousov, the master psycher? He leaned against a building, the 18th-place finisher, trying to blink back tears. "I was very nervous," he said. "And I was afraid. I don't know why I was afraid."

After that came the grinding 50-kilometer race, otherwise known as Norway's Last Chance. But, again, it was not to be; along came Kalevi Oikarinen, a little bitty Finn with a great big beak of a nose, a 33-year-old sergeant in the Finnish border guard who amuses himself in his spare time by chasing wolves on skis, running them to exhaustion. The first Norwegian finished in the 11th spot.

When it was all over, Russia had run off with 12 gold, three silver and four bronze medals—clearly the new world Nordic power. There was East Germany with the next biggest bag, Finland, Sweden and, finally, Norway, which invented the sport. There were the hapless Americans, out of it as usual but full of good cheer. Championship by championship, they are getting better. Maybe one day they'll even beat the Norwegians at their own game. But why not? Everybody else seems to be doing just that. **END**

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Naskra? You've got to be kidding

That's what most people said when they heard who won the Everglades

The uncertainties of this sport were typically illustrated by the results of last week's Everglades at Hialeah. With Silent Screen taking a breather, the race looked to be a meaningless gallop among also-rans, and hardly an indication of Kentucky Derby form. Instead, it turned into a first-rate contest, and when an 11-to-1 shot named Naskra won by four lengths we had a new Derby horse and worthy challenger of Silent Screen in next week's Flamingo.

Naskra was no household word when he was racing winless in the silks of the late Robert Lehman in New York last year. Trainers did not fly in from all over the world to bid on him at the Lehman dispersal sale. Silent Screen's trainer, Bowes Bond, looked at him for Owner Sonny Werblin but told the boss the colt seemed too small. One who thought he seemed just right was Phil Johnson, a wise old hand with cheaper horses who was also certain he could do something with a good horse if given the opportunity. Most of Johnson's owners, including longtime client Harry Gordon, would not go over \$25,000 at any auction. Naskra, Johnson felt, might go for as much as \$50,000, and he wanted him. Enter two of Johnson's newer owners, brothers-in-law Richard Hersch and Peter Jacobs. They agreed to a 50% ownership with Harry Gordon provided Naskra could race in their name, and the name they selected was the Hersch Jacobs Stable. (It has since officially become the Her Jac Stable.) Naskra was picked up for \$35,000, and everybody, including the colt, has been having a

bully time ever since. He has won four races and placed twice, and he proved in the mile-and-an-eighth Everglades that he has stamina to go along with his speed. In 25 years only four winners of this stakes—Gen. Duke, Moslem Chief, Sir Gaylord and Buckpasser—have covered the nine furlongs faster than Naskra's 1:48 $\frac{3}{4}$ s.

Naskra comes by his talent naturally. His sire Nasram, who raced in Europe for the Howell Jacksons, is a son of Nasrullah and the French mare La Mirambule. Nasram was good enough to whip the Epson Derby winner, Santa Claus, in the 1964 mile-and-a-half King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes. Naskra's dam, Iskra, is a daughter of the good French stallion Le Haar, one of whose sons, Esbury, captured the 1963 Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe. "I think this little bay is going to be even better in the Flamingo," says Johnson. "He's easy to train. I gallop him long and work him short. Why, he's never worked longer than six furlongs in his life."

In the Everglades, Hard Work, who had beaten Naskra by 2½ lengths in their last meeting at seven furlongs, and Burd Alane cut out most of the early pace, while Jockey John Rotz kept Naskra in the middle of the pack until the far turn. Then they put on a sweeping run which brought Naskra the lead just short of the eighth pole. Burd Alane, who had never been worse than second, held on to place by a neck over the fast-charging My Dad George. The latter, considering his outside post, ran very well, as did Burd Alane, who has now competed in three mile-and-an-eighth races in less than a month.

In the Flamingo, several of the Everglades' also-rans should benefit from a less cluttered field. Some, like Hard Work and Protanto, who finished sixth and seventh respectively, probably were still short for the distance, while a favorite of mine, Personality, who had only two horses beat at the half-mile pole, was completely blocked in mid-stretch and still managed to finish fourth. Not long before his recent death Hirsch Jacobs told his son John, "Don't worry about the gray [High Echelon]. He'll win his share. The real horse for us in 1970 will be Personality." The world's winningest trainer was not wrong too often.

END



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Denny McLain, the high-flying Detroit pitcher suspended indefinitely from baseball for 'his 1967 involvement in book-making activities,' has long been a controversial figure among his own teammates. Last season Detroit's All-Star catcher, Bill Freehan (right), kept a diary, which will be published in book form in May by Modlick Manuscripts, Inc. under the title "Behind the Mask." The flaws and strengths of many personalities emerge in Freehan's day-by-day account of the Tigers' disappointing year, but McLain is seen most vividly of all. The following are extracts from this unique diary

NEVER TOUCH A SUPERSTAR

by **BILL FREEHAN**

EDITED BY STEVE GELMAN AND DICK SCHAAF

MARCH 15

Denny McLain has been taking flying lessons. He's imported an instructor from Detroit to give him lessons here in Lakeland, Fla. We've been calling him "Sky King," or sometimes, because he won the Cy Young Award last year, "Sky Young."

Denny sort of flies in his own world anyway—I guess just about everybody knows that he spends as much time playing his Hammond organ as he does playing baseball—so none of us mind him flying around down here. If he's got to learn to fly, I'm glad he's using the skies over Lakeland instead of the skies over Detroit. It's less crowded here, and I'd sure hate to lose a 30-game winner.

But some of us were pretty resentful today because, while the rest of us traveled down to Miami by bus—our only overnight trip of the spring—Denny flew his own plane down. Mayo Smith, our manager, has a strict rule that the whole team has to travel together, and it's almost

impossible for most of us to get permission to violate that rule. Denny's excuse—he wanted to practice his flying—just didn't seem good enough to some of us.

APRIL 6

We played our final exhibition game today, against the Cincinnati Reds, and we lost it. We finished the spring with nine victories and 17 defeats, our worst preseason record in seven years.

One of our main problems has been McLain, but I'm not too worried about him. Denny can turn on his valve a little differently from the rest of us. He hasn't even been with us for five days. He's nursing a sore shoulder, but he says he'll be ready on Opening Day. I've learned not to doubt Denny; over the years he's made me a believer.

Denny's a tough guy to understand. His concentration wanders a lot when he's on the mound, and off the mound he wanders a lot—running off after games to play the



organ in nightclubs, flying around in his plane, looking after all his businesses. I've never had real good rapport with Denny. He likes to fight with me about strategy, and when things aren't going well for him he likes to break things and yell at the fans and the other players.

I've never had as much trouble communicating with any other pitcher as I've had with Denny. But, at the same time, I've never caught a better pitcher in my life. When Denny goes out there and puts his mind to it, he's the best pitcher in the world.

APRIL 8

Denny rejoined us today for our opening game. He pitched a three-hitter and beat Cleveland 6-2.

APRIL 23

Before the game in Baltimore tonight we visited the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and when they showed us their central computer McLain—who was going to open the series for us—said, "Ask it if I should pitch tonight."

The machine said, "No."

Mayo Smith, our manager, looked over his shoulder at Earl Wilson and said, "You pitch tonight." We all laughed.

We weren't laughing later. The machine was right.

We were ahead 2-0 in the bottom of the second inning when Mark Belanger, the Oriole shortstop, hit a two-run homer. In the bottom of the 10th, Belanger singled an another run and Baltimore beat Denny 3-2. Belanger is a skinny guy, probably the least likely man on the field to hit a home run. He's not too likely to hit a single, either. He batted only .268 last year.

I've been telling Denny for a couple of years now that he has a tendency to concentrate only on the big hitters in the lineup and then relax on the seventh, eighth and ninth hitters. He gets in trouble with the little guys, but no matter how much I ride his butt, he doesn't change. The last thing he and I talked about before the game was not to let the little guys get on base.

"That's the most embarrassing moment of my life," Denny said after Belanger's home run. He was almost grinning.

He didn't have anything printable to say after Belanger's single.

APRIL 27

Denny broke our losing streak today. He really did pitch. Not throw. Pitch. You expect a pitcher to be sharp, so have his good fastball maybe three times out of five. The rest of the time he has to finesse it, he has to pitch. McLain realized early today that he didn't have his best hard stuff. After he warmed up he came back to the bench and said, "Hey, let's go, you guys. I'm going to go as hard as I can for as long as I can. Then Mayo better get somebody to pick me up for the other eight and two-thirds innings."

—continued

But Denny went out and adjusted—he used his breaking ball and mixed his pitches—and we beat Boston. Denny and I got along a little better than usual; we were thinking along the same lines. I hope that keeps up.

MAY 6

In the ninth inning tonight, with McLain pitching, we were four runs up on the Kansas City Royals. And we lost. To an expansion team. I've never seen the locker room so dark and quiet.

I cannot believe Denny. When we got in from an exhibition game in Philadelphia last night his little Cessna airplane was warming up the minute our United charter touched ground. He bounced off one plane and into the other and was off to play the organ at a nightclub in Windsor, Ontario. The night before he was pitching. Denny says he's an organist first and a baseball player second, but without baseball he would be—well, how many organists can you name?

He shouldn't have been beaten by Kansas City tonight. He got a little tired, but going into the ninth, ahead 6-2, he was laughing and joking—and getting careless. When he got into trouble early in the inning Mayo walked to the mound, and Denny convinced Mayo not to take him out. He didn't leave until the score was 6-4.

Dick Radatz came in with two men on base and two out. All he had to do was get one out and the game would be over. "Who's up, Mayo?" Radatz asked.

"Hawk Taylor," Mayo said.

"Who's he?" one of the guys at the mound said.

"Who's he?" said Radatz. "I'll tell you who he is. He's as good as out."

According to our scouting report, Hawk Taylor was a high fastball hitter. So Radatz threw him a low fastball and Taylor hit it into the upper deck to beat us.

MAY 15

Denny was missing today. He called up the trainer and said he had the flu. I'm not sure what variety he had because, while we were standing for *The Star-Spangled Banner* before the game, his plane flew overhead. At least, it sure looked like his plane. The rules for Denny just don't seem to be the same as for the rest of us. Most of us have to be at the park at least 2½ hours before game time. Denny sometimes shows up five or 10 minutes before a game. People used to say, before night games, that the best thing about baseball was you couldn't beat the hours. In Denny's case, that's still true.

MAY 17

We were shooting to get up to .500 today, playing the Minnesota Twins, and, once we got a 5-0 early lead, McLain and Norm Cash started thinking more about the postgame TV show than about the game. NBC gives \$100 to the postgame guest—the star of the day—and by the sev-

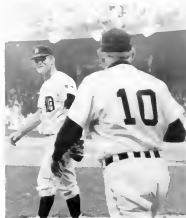
enth inning, Norm, who had a home run and another hit, announced that he was the front-runner for the \$100.

McLain took offense. "Hey," he said. "I got a shutout going." They started a little competition, and it built up in the eighth and ninth innings. Cash came to bat in the ninth feeling that one more hit would get him on the show. He topped the first pitch down the first-base line and waved his arms, trying to wish the ball foul. It rolled foul. Then he hit a pop-up, and he blew that ball foul and out of play. We were cracking up on the bench. Norm got the count to 3-2, then foul-tipped the next pitch, John Roseboro, the Minnesota catcher, had the ball in his mitt but dropped it. McLain was sitting on the bench and rooting against Cash. He hollered at Roseboro, "C'mon, catch the ball." Then McLain yelled to Bob Miller, who was pitching for the Twins, "Throw him a breaking ball. He won't hit it."

Cash turned to Roseboro and said, "Hey, this is a \$100 pitch. I got to hit it."

Roseboro called for a curve, and Norm popped out. Roseboro looked at our dugout and gave McLain the high sign, sort of saying, "There, I took care of him."

Mayo, understandably, was getting a little concerned. We still had three outs to go. Mayo sat there, gritting his teeth and wondering. I was, too. I could see that if McLain started screwing around, I'd have to get on his tail real quick. I knew that his arm had been bothering him the whole game, that he wasn't pitching well, that although he'd been getting guys out he hadn't been overpowering them. But he went out there, this man who



Mayo Smith heads out to praise pleased McLain on Opening Day.

makes at least \$150,000 a year from baseball and other interests, and, sniffing that \$100, reached back and threw the blazes out of the ball. He struck out Harmon Killebrew on four pitches. Cash was down at first base rooting for Harmon, yelling, "Hit a home run." If the Twins broke up the shutout, Cash figured, he'd still have a chance to be on the show.

But McLain got the Twins out, one-two-three, went on the show and came back into the locker room with the \$100 bill pasted to his forehead. It was the best inning he'd pitched all year. He had to show us that when he wants to do it he can.

"That man will never cease to amaze me," Mayo said.

"I feel the same way," I said.

"You know," Mayo said, "I was nervous about that guy the whole game. I was tight all the time."

"I know," I said. "But the man sure pitched a ninth inning. The best thing you can do is offer him 100 bucks every time he pitches a shutout."

JUNE 7

Five days ago, after he pitched against the California Angels, McLain went home to Detroit. He said he had to get his teeth fixed and his arm treated. Mayo gave him permission, which didn't exactly please the rest of us who had to stay on the West Coast. We all would have liked to go home early. Denny was kind enough to show up for today's game, but he worked only an hour and 51 minutes. By then he had shut out Oakland, a real breeze. Denny is unbelievable. He can make this game look so ridiculously easy.

JUNE 16

McLain just spent a few days in the hospital with food poisoning, but he showed up to pitch tonight. And he beat the Yankees 3-2. Al Kaline hit a two-run home run for our margin of victory, but after the game he was all alone at his locker while the writers surrounded Denny. "Hey, Al," one of the writers called to him. "Maybe you didn't hit any home run. Maybe it was just part of our imagination, and that's why nobody wants to talk to you."

"No," Al said, loud enough to needle McLain. "It's just that I'm around all the time. You don't get a chance to talk to Denny much."

Then Don McMahon, our quiet relief pitcher, of all people, called to McLain, "Hey, Denny. Nice job. See you next weekend."

"Hey, Nanook," I shouted to McMahon. We call him Nanook because when he goes to the bullpen he bundles up like an Eskimo. "Don't go popping off and starting trouble."

"O.K.," McMahon said. "If the man can win for us, I'll leave him alone."

McMahon's a professional—in his 13th big-league season—with a professional attitude, and I've got to agree

with him. Denny is a winner, and I've got to remember that ahead of all his idiosyncrasies. A number of guys on our club couldn't care less about Denny's hours. They just wish we had four guys who showed up every fourth day and won 20 games each; then we'd go to the bank fat every winter. But sometimes Denny really bugs me. Like tonight in the ninth inning, we were ahead 3-1 with two men out, a man on third and Gene Michael at bat. Michael's not a particularly tough hitter, which means he's the kind of guy Denny doesn't bear down on.

Mayo came out to the mound. "Throw the ball up on this guy," the manager said. "Up and in. You've been throwing him low stuff and he's been hitting it."

"Sure, sure," Denny said. Then he winked. "I'm going to throw the ball down and across the middle. He can't hit it there."

"This isn't funny," Mayo said.

"Right," Denny said. He winked again.

Mayo left the mound, I went back behind the plate and Denny threw his first pitch down low. Michael bungled out a base hit, driving in their second run. Only Denny would do something like that—a little test to see if the manager was really right.

Denny's incredible. And so is his record. He's 10-5 now, and he could be headed for another 30-victory season. They don't make many like Denny—fortunately for my sanity and our opponents' batting averages.

JUNE 24

We got two runs for Denny in the first inning tonight. In the eighth inning, we still had our two runs and the Yankees had one and McLain was riding us. "Hey, you guys, I'm pitching," he said. "We've got to score lots of runs. Let's go. I'm not used to working this hard." It's funny, but we usually do score a lot for Denny.

I came to bat with men on first and second and one out, a good opportunity to drive in a run. "If you don't get a hit now," Denny yelled at me, "you deserve a kick in the tail. If you don't get a hit, don't bother putting on the equipment for the ninth inning." I didn't get a hit (nor did Denny, following me). But I slipped on the catching equipment anyway, walked out to Denny after he made the third out, handed him his glove and hat and said, "Now's the time to call for Jim Price if you want him to catch."

Denny gave me one of his funny looks, then went and got three outs in a row and wrapped up the victory.

JUNE 27

Before the game tonight the Baltimore pitchers were running in the outfield, practically sprinting in 92° weather, and Norm Cash started agitating John Sain, our pitching coach. "Hey, John," Cash yelled, "don't those guys know it's 92°? What are they out there running for?"

Sain is not the leading advocate of running for pitchers;

continued

he says he wants his men to be ready to pitch nine innings, not run a mile. McLain, who is a real disciple of Sam's no-running policy, was standing next to John. Denny doesn't even like to hear people talk about running pitchers. He wasn't very happy with Cash's agitating.

Norman, to emphasize his needling, put his arm around Denny, but Denny had the last word. He brushed Cash's arm away. "Never touch a superstar," he said.

JUNE 28

Denny took a 4-2 lead into the sixth inning against Baltimore today, got one man out, then gave up a single to Frank Robinson. Mayo immediately brought in Daryl Patterson, and a couple of minutes later Elie Hendricks hit a three-run home run and we were through. We were on our way to our third straight defeat. Some of the newspapermen were second-guessing Mayo afterward for taking Denny out so quickly. The writers didn't know that Denny had come to Mayo before the fifth inning and had said, "I'm losing it. Don't go too long with me." The writers didn't know because Mayo didn't volunteer the information, and Denny wasn't there. He'd left the park by the eighth inning.

JULY 3

Two Tigers went to the dentist today. Mickey Stanley hadn't been able to eat for two days and he had to have a couple of teeth pulled. He arranged to have his dental work done at 7 a.m., so that he could make the game this afternoon. Denny had to have caps put on his teeth. We never saw him all day.

JULY 10

I played first base against Cleveland tonight, and, in the seventh inning, when they got four runs to move ahead of us 5-2, I watched three balls go past me, all base hits, all just beyond my reach. I've got to admit that a real first baseman might have gotten all three. The fans booed me, and, for a while, I thought McLain was going to join them. Denny, who didn't finish the game, wasn't too happy with my fielding. We lost in extra innings, and afterward, in the clubhouse, I walked up to McLain. "I'm trying to do the best I can," I said. "I'm not out there for defensive purposes."

Denny mumbled something about my being out of position. "Well, you can be the director from now on," I said. "When you're not pitching, you sit on the bench and watch me, and when you think I ought to move, you just direct me to the spot. You ought to do a good job. You know just where I ought to be. There's only one problem: you don't usually stay on the bench very long."

"Don't worry," Denny said. "I'll be out there."

That's my pitcher.

I'm his catcher.

We sure get along great, don't we?

JULY 18

Denny called my hotel room in Cleveland this afternoon and said, "What time is the game?"

"It's 7:45," my roommate, Joe Sparma, said.

"Well," Denny said, "I guess I'll make it."

Denny, who was scheduled to be the starting pitcher, was calling from Detroit. And Denny, who is going to revolutionize this game, had decided to fly to Cleveland in his own plane. He had trouble with one of his engines in mid-flight, had to head back to Detroit to change planes and finally got to the park at 7:10. Norm Cash took him by the hand and walked him into Mayo's office. "This is a guy named Dennis McLain," Norman said. "He'd like to pitch tonight."

Denny went out and pitched, and after the first inning I told Al Kaline, "Denny's got nothing tonight. But, you watch, he'll pitch a shutout." They hit line drives off him all night. Willie Horton ran all over the field and tied a record for most putouts by an outfielder. But we got four runs—I hit a home run, and so did Horton—and Cleveland got none. "What did I tell you?" I said to Kaline in the clubhouse. "He had nothing. He just fussed them all night long, kept the ball down, and we won."

JULY 26

Before the doubleheader today, Mayo Smith called a meeting. He looked around and said, "Are all my athletes here?" The answer was no. It was 45 minutes before our game was to start, and our rule is that players have to be in the locker room at least two hours before game time on the road and three hours at home. But Jim Price was missing, and so was our ace righthander. They'd flown to Detroit to spend Saturday night with their families, and because of bad weather Denny was having trouble getting his plane back into Cleveland.

As Mayo took his head count, the phone rang. It was the American League president, Joe Cronin, calling to tell Mayo that Dave Johnson, Baltimore's second baseman, wouldn't be able to play in the All-Star Game and that Mike Andrews of Boston would have to replace him. Cronin also wanted to know if Denny McLain was going to be the starting pitcher in the All-Star Game.

"Denny?" Mayo said. "Well, ah, he's not around."

"What do you mean?" Cronin said. "It's 45 minutes before game time."

"Well, he's up flying around someplace," Mayo said.

The guys broke up. Obviously, the president of the American League doesn't know Denny the way we do.

JULY 22

Before the All-Star Game tonight, Mayo Smith, who was the American League's manager, called the pitchers and catchers in for a meeting. He talked about the first couple of National League hitters, then suddenly looked up and said, "Where the hell is McLain?"

continued



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

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A vintage advertisement for Chrysler. The main image shows a dark green and silver Chrysler sedan in the foreground, angled towards the viewer. In the background, a family of four stands near a tan Chrysler sedan parked in front of a house with a red tiled roof. The scene is set during sunset or sunrise, with a warm glow. The Chrysler logo and name are at the bottom.

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"He's out on the field," somebody said, "having his picture taken with the National League starter."

"Oh, what the hell," Mayo said. "Let's go through the hitters. Denny wouldn't pay any attention to what we're saying, anyway."

After the meeting the game was postponed because of rain until tomorrow. This created a problem for Denny. He had a 7 a.m. appointment in Detroit to have dental surgery. Mayo gave him permission to fly his plane back to Detroit, and Denny said he'd make it back to Washington in time to pitch. He said he was going to bring a copilot with him, so he could get some sleep on the trip back. I told Denny I wanted to take out a \$100,000 life-insurance policy on him. I told him I'd pay the premiums until age 50, and if he were still alive by then, he'd have the option of taking the cash value or picking up the premiums and changing the beneficiary to his wife. He's thinking about it. It's not a bad deal for either of us.

JULY 23

An hour before the start of the All-Star Game today, McLain still hadn't shown up. So Mayo told Mel Stottlemyre of the Yankees he'd start if Denny didn't get there. Mel was a little nervous. "You don't have to worry about starting until 35 minutes before the game," I told him. "This is par for the course for Denny."

One of the writers asked me if Denny's failure to show up surprised me. "Nothing he does surprises me," I said. Really. I can't blame Denny for this. If you've ever had trouble with your teeth, you know how it can make your whole body ache, and this time he *had* made the appointment for 7 o'clock in the morning on what was supposed to be a day off.

Denny arrived 20 minutes after the game started, pitched the fourth inning and gave up one run. Then he packed and left the park. Mickey Lolich and his wife had flown into Washington with Denny and had expected to go back to Detroit in Denny's plane, but before he left Denny told Mickey, "You'll have to find your own way. I've got to go to Florida."

According to Mickey afterward, Denny was pretty gruff, saying he had his "own business to tend to and the heck with you all." The night before I'd warned Mickey to get reservations on my flight back to Detroit because you never could be certain what McLain might do. Mickey had, and we all flew out together in the evening—my wife and I, Mickey and his wife, Mayo, our trainer and one of the Detroit writers, Pete Waldmeir. On the flight Mickey told Waldmeir about his conversation with Denny. You could see Waldmeir's eyes light up over the possibility of a good story. "You better stay away from that guy," I told Mickey, but I think I told him too late. We may be in for a bit of controversy. Just what we need to help draw our club together for the final 10 weeks of the season.

JULY 24

I got to the park early tonight, and Denny was already there. "I got to see Mickey when he comes in," Denny told me.

Pete Waldmeir's story had been as tough as I'd expected. He'd quoted Lolich saying, "Denny never thinks about his friends or his teammates. Just himself."

"I was with Mickey on the plane and drove him to his car," I told Denny. "and he didn't seem *that* teed off."

"Well," Denny said, "I'm going to give him the benefit of the doubt and wait and hear what he has to say."

When Mickey came in, the two of them huddled for a few minutes until Mayo Smith called a meeting. "Denny has consented," the manager said, "to not fly his plane on days on which we have ball games."

Denny, who was sitting in the corner, said, "Now that's not exactly what we agreed to."

And Mayo shot back, "Yes. That's exactly what we agreed to."

Denny believes that the rule applies only on days when he's pitching, not on all playing dates.

I think the ban ought to apply to all game days, and I think it will be very helpful—not so much to Denny's own work, because his pitching has remained brilliant, but to the team morale. The ban will help create more of a team feeling and help eliminate the situation we have now, where players knock Denny because he gets special privileges. And I guess it's got to help him a little bit on the mound, too, because with the schedule he keeps he's got to be tired a lot of the time.

Maybe the confrontation between Mickey and Denny will be good for the team in another way, too. I think Denny and Mickey might go out this last half of the season and try to outpitch each other. In fact, Mickey pitched tonight and was just great. He struck out 13 Kansas City Royals and we won 3-1. His record is 14-2 and Denny's record is 14-5. We've got 68 games to go, and they'll get 15 to 20 starts each. I hope they both win 25.

JULY 25

I think the people in Detroit have taken Mickey's side in the debate. When Denny was introduced as the starting pitcher tonight, he was booed. What the fans didn't know was that for the first time all season Denny had showed up early, taken batting practice and worked hard. But he just smiled when they booed him and, in an hour and 59 minutes, shut out Kansas City. Fifteen for him.

JULY 30

I'm in the hospital with a bad back, and this morning I heard a familiar voice coming from the next room. It was very early and I was thinking, "Oh, man, come on Denny, if this is a dream, not you!"

I knew Denny had pitched last night in Minneapolis, and it wasn't even 7 a.m. yet.

I was lying there, trying to figure it all out, when the head of dermatology walked in. "Hey, we got a teammate of yours in here," he said. "He was acting up last night in Minneapolis, and the doctor up there checked him and said he had a slight case of pneumonia. We think he's got bronchitis and should be in the hospital."

The general manager, Jim Campbell, came by after breakfast. "With everyone in here," he said, "I'm beginning to believe I own this wing." Meanwhile, Denny kept coughing and coughing. I brought him a couple of magazines and sat with him a while. He sounded terrible.

AUGUST 1

Dr. Russell Wright, an osteopath who specializes in athletic ailments, grabbed McLain when Denny walked into the locker room tonight, still suffering from bronchitis. Dr. Wright put Denny's face through contortions to open up the sinus passages, poured a decongestant down his nose and tried to clear his chest by physical force. It was amazing that Denny should have been there at all, and even more amazing that he was willing and able to pitch. Along with everything else he does that stuns me, Denny demonstrates the most unbelievable guts and recuperative powers. He came right out of the hospital today and onto the mound to start for us against the White Sox. He pitched an 8-0 shutout, his 16th victory. "Let us have bronchitis!" John Hiller, one of our relief pitchers, kept shouting after the game. "Let us have bronchitis!"

AUGUST 5

Denny was our starting pitcher against Minnesota tonight. His fastball wasn't very fast, and his curve wasn't much, either. Certainly, we have no right to expect much from him these days, with that bronchitis he's fighting. Still, he is Denny McLain. Late in the game, after he'd given up about 10 hits, he had Harmon Killebrew coming up with a couple of guys on base. The score was tied, so I went out to the mound to talk to Denny. Mayo started out, too. "I'm going to talk Mayo out of taking me out of the game," Denny said.

"You've got to be kidding me," I said. "With that junk you've got."

When Mayo reached the mound and said, "Well, I think we've seen enough," Denny said, "Nah, I've pitched over 200 innings for you. I can get out of this thing all right. You've got to give me a chance."

I'd never seen Mayo change his mind, but he did tonight. "O.K.," he said, "but you'd better get out of it."

Mayo left the mound. "Now what are you going to do?" I said to Denny.

"I don't know," he said. "Maybe say the best prayer I've ever said. I've never been so scared in my life. My knees are shaking."

"I don't blame them," I said. "With that garbage you've been throwing up there."

Killebrew came up and hit a line shot right at Tommy Matchick. Then Rich Reese hit another line shot—right at our centerfielder. Only McLain could do it. Two rocks, two outs.

Denny came out the next inning, and we won the game in 13 innings.

AUGUST 9

McLain worked today, throwing what he'd call "medicore garbage"—not very good, but not very bad. He had a 3-0 lead, but eventually, on a home run by Luis Aparicio—a big, booming home run by a little man—Chicago caught us at 4-4. When Denny was scheduled to bat the next inning, we had men on first and second. Mayo sent Norm Cash up to pinch-hit. Denny ran to the locker room, grumbling. "How can he take me out at a time like this? He never gives me a chance to win ball games. How can he take me out after all the innings I've pitched for him?"

Before Denny could finish grumbling, Jim Northrup scored from second on a wild pitch. Minutes later, Mickey Stanley hit a three-run homer, and all of a sudden Denny didn't think Mayo'd made such a bad move. Only McLain could be that lucky—to come out of the game griping and have a pay score from second on a wild pitch and pick up a win. Only McLain is going that good.

AUGUST 17

Denny is now calling himself "The Irish God." He says his Irish luck never runs out. He's got everybody believing it, too. Earl Wilson and Mickey Lolich just laugh when Denny pitches, because they know that by the fourth inning he's going to get a bunch of runs. His arm was stiff tonight and he didn't have his good stuff and he had to struggle. But Al Kaline hit two home runs, Don Wert, Jim Northrup, Mickey Stanley and Tom Tresh hit one apiece, and Denny won his 19th game.

Before the game, Denny had gone around shaking everyone's hand. "I want to say goodbye now," Denny said, "in case I don't have a chance to see you after the game." He wasn't scheduled to pitch in Seattle, and he was joking about not being on the plane after the game. But Mayo has been clamping down on Denny a little bit, and Denny was on the plane. In fact, he was up in the cockpit with me a good deal of the time watching the pilot work.

AUGUST 22

McLain went on the pregame television show in Anaheim today and talked about his paint company. He went on the postgame show and talked about his paint company. In between, he beat the Angels and became the first pitcher in the major leagues to win 20 games this year. "Denny's going to write a book this winter," Norm Cash said. "He's going to call it, *How to Win 20 Without Breaking a Sweat*."

continued

SEPTEMBER 3

Denny has been in Detroit with his wife, who's in danger of having a miscarriage, but he showed up in Kansas City this afternoon to pitch. "Here I am, boys," he said. "You're saved." We gave Denny a standing ovation and introduced ourselves. Then he walked out to the mound and Willie Horton hit two home runs for him, I hit one, and he had a 4-1 lead.

With that lead, Denny got two strikes on Joe Foy in the sixth inning and yelled, "I bet you can't hit the side-arm fastball." Then Denny dropped down, threw a side-arm fastball, and Foy hit the ball out of the park. As Foy was rounding third, he peeked at Denny and said, "Hey, I bet you I can."

I ran to the mound. "You sonuvagun," I said. "We better not lose this game by one run. You better bust your tail or you better not get on that bus after the game."

Denny sort of smiled, then shut them out the rest of the game. Afterward, on the flight back to Detroit, he didn't stop razzing us. None of us resented his absence earlier on this trip—his wife, after all, was sick, and he didn't miss a pitching turn—but we did resent the razzing. He just had to laugh and tell us that he never spent a night in Kansas City all season. All the regulars are figuring that once the season is settled, once we've clinched whatever place we're going to finish in, we ought to get back at him. On a night he's scheduled to pitch, maybe the eight regulars will call in and say we can't come to the park, with each of us using one of the excuses Denny has used this year. I don't know if we'll do it, but we sure have been talking about it.

SEPTEMBER 11

McLain pitched and lost tonight. Cleveland got three runs off him in the second inning and he came to the dug-out stomping mad. He was kicking around down by the water cooler where Earl Wilson and I were sitting, and he began screaming at the umpire about some ball and strike calls. "My luck is just plain rotten," Denny said.

Wilson looked at him and laughed. "How can you be standing here bemoaning your luck?" Earl said. "You've already won 22 games. Wait until you're about 12-11 and you're scuffling just to keep your head above water and the bounces keep going against you."

Denny laughed and walked away. Earl turned to me and began talking about how Denny hadn't even backed up a play at home plate. "I tell you what," Earl said. "When you're an 11- or 12-game winner and somebody has a ball like that off you, you back up the play."

SEPTEMBER 14

Mayo held a team meeting today, the day after the Baltimore Orioles clinched the Eastern Division championship. "We've got too damn good a ball club to play like we've played all year long," he said. "Goddamn

mistakes we've made could fill a book. I mean, just fundamentals. Moving the runner over. Going from first to third. Sacrificing." Mayo shook his head, then left us and went into his office.

But the rest of us, the players, had things on our minds, too, things we wanted Mayo to hear. We talked among ourselves for a couple of minutes, then Willie Horton went into the manager's office and brought Mayo out. "I think a lot of guys have a lot they'd like to say," Willie told Mayo. "I think we'd all like to know what each other's opinion is. And we feel we ought to talk about that right now."

"I'm willing to listen," Mayo said. The manager seemed surprised.

"Skip," someone said, "you had rules. Yet when you make an exception to the rules for one guy, and you expect everybody else to live by them, it's pretty tough for the club to work together."

"Right," somebody else said, and then we were all talking together. "Mayo," one of the guys said, "half the time McLain doesn't come out here before a game. And he laughs about it. He thinks it's a funny joke. He goes home halfway in the middle of the game. He's never on the bench, never takes batting practice, he never shags. And he's not alone. A lot of the rest of us have grown lax, too."

I don't think Mayo had any idea of the effect of Denny's actions on the rest of the team. I'm not sure that Denny did, either. But it wasn't only Denny. Lots of guys took advantage of Mayo this season. "The whole thing is about rules," I said. "We can't play another year like we did this year."

Enforce the rules, the guys told Mayo. On everyone. A lot of guys began opening up with Mayo, and with each other, talking about the things they'd done wrong during the season. We got away with too much, we said. We've got to have some toughness from the top. It's just like when it's time to do calisthenics, and you've got a weak streak, and you want somebody to stand over you and scream at you, "Do this!"

"All right," Mayo said. "All right. I've tried to treat you as men, but if that's the way it's got to be, that's the way it's going to be."

We felt good afterward. It was group therapy, and I think we all grew up a little. I came out of the meeting thinking, "There's a lot of guys on this club who want to win that championship again, who know what it's going to take next year."

Only one thing was missing from the meeting today: Denny McLain.

OCTOBER 1

Denny McLain finished the 1969 season with 24 victories. For the second year in a row he won more games than any other pitcher in the American League. **END**




4 out of 5 Americans will flunk this piggy test.

1. Do you demand wages that you know are more than you're earning by the job you do?
2. Do you buy more items on credit than you can really afford?
3. Are you an impulsive shopper...do you buy things without looking around for the best price?
4. As a businessman, do you keep profits up just by raising prices?
5. Do you demand more government services without being willing to pay the taxes for them?

YES	NO
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241 TO GIACOMINI New York

1281 ELVIN HAYES San Diego

1181 REG BIERENSON St. Louis

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL.—New York played only two games last week, but the media were abuzz about them. First the Knicks routed Los Angeles 114-93 in their New Yorkers scored at least 16 points. Then they lost to Atlanta in their last game, 125-108, the worst defeat New York has suffered this season. Los Angeles, with losses to New York, Baltimore and San Diego and only two wins, both over Milwaukee, slipped to third place, behind Atlanta and suffered the steepest loss of Jerry West, who pulled a hamstring muscle. Until his injury, West had been leading the NBA in scoring by a wide margin, averaging 31.6 points per game, 4.5 better than Lew Alcindor of Milwaukee.

ABA. Denver, after weeks of struggling, finally took over the Western lead from New Orleans. Most of the reasons for the Rockies' spectacular climb from last place, where they were lodged as late as Jan. 1, are in the statistics sheet: Stephen Hawkey, third 6' 7" rookie, is first in the ABA in points (27.1 per game) and rebounding (20.6) average. Byron Back of Denver leads the league in two-point field goal accuracy with a .533 average and Kenner Leonard Jeff's rebounding is now in second place with 47.7 in fourth place, but three-point shooting. Denver, New Orleans and Dallas are the Washington Lags, who enjoyed a 3-1 week, behind the shooting of Rick Barry. He has scored 143 points in 11 contests since the All-Star Game, for 13.0 a game.

NBA East: New York (1-1), Milwaukee (2-1), Baltimore (2-1), Philadelphia (2-1), Boston (2-1), Los Angeles (2-1), Detroit (2-1), New Orleans (2-1), Cincinnati (2-1), Phoenix (2-1), Chicago (2-1), San Francisco (2-1), Seattle (2-1), San Diego (2-1).
ABA: East: Indiana (2-1), Kentucky (2-1), New York (2-1), Dallas (2-1), Pittsburgh (2-1), Miami (2-1), New Orleans (2-1), Denver (2-1), Dallas (2-1), Washington (2-1), Los Angeles (2-1).

BASEBALL.—Defending champion ALEXANDER TROTSKY of Russia defeated Norman's Ted Steinberg to keep his title at the world championship in December. Norman, Russia, the defending world champion, also won again, claiming three out of a possible five gold medals.

BILLIARDS.—The world pocket billiard championship was won in Los Angeles by Billie Jean King of Rochester, N.Y., who racked up 14 consecutive match victories to take the \$5,000 first-prize purse.

BOXING.—Less than half a year long, suspended 72-year-old Max Baer from the fight against Panama was first, but James Maffugh's 11-ounce slug, 193-180, was first champion on cardboard with a 12-25-2 record.

BOWLING.—JOE L. HAZARD of Philadelphia won the United States title, in the fourth round, and scored a 140-point knockout when Billy Taylor, the defending champion, was defeated by a 10-0 score. Taylor, a 10-0 score, was defeated by a 10-0 score. Taylor, a 10-0 score, was defeated by a 10-0 score.

GOLF.—The \$100,000 San Antonio Open was won by Sam Snead, but young BOB CARRILLO was defeated by neither as he shot a PGA Tour career-best 65 in the second round, but he lost in the second round to take the lead in the tournament. Then followed with rounds of 69 and 66 to win his first PGA Tour title. Carrillo's second victory in two years on the PGA circuit.

HOCKEY.—NHL. For most of the week, the New York Rangers held a narrow margin over Boston in the East, but a 4-2 defeat by Chicago, in which Bobby Hull scored two goals, in the second period to become the third effort in NHL history to hit 500 dropped the Rangers back to a two-point lead over Boston. In the West, Pittsburgh won three games and lost one, a 3-1 defeat by the Philadelphia Flyers, to tie the Philadelphia Flyers, who had a 1-2-1 record in the second shift. Otherwise the season was stable. New York St. Louis did not lose any of its four games while San Diego Los Angeles did not lose any of its four.

NHL East: Boston (2-0-2), New York (1-2-1), Montreal (1-2-0), Detroit (1-2-2), Chicago (1-1-1), St. Louis (1-2-0), New York St. Louis (1-1-1), Philadelphia (1-2-0), Pittsburgh (1-2-0), San Diego (1-1-1), Washington (1-2-1), Los Angeles (1-2-1).

HORSE RACING.—The 1 1/4 mile, \$33,300 Emerald Stakes at Huddell was won by Har Jay Stubbs, NASSRA (52-4-0) ridden by Johnny Rute, in 1:40. (Time 52).

Belmont Farm's SEVER BOW (50-80), with Ed the Belmont in the saddle, ran the 1 1/4 mile in 2:04, in his first \$113,000 Wadsworth Handicap at Huddell by 4 1/2 lengths. Favorite Dancer (50-80) won the \$113,000 Wadsworth Handicap at Huddell by 4 1/2 lengths. Favorite Dancer (50-80) won the \$113,000 Wadsworth Handicap at Huddell by 4 1/2 lengths. Favorite Dancer (50-80) won the \$113,000 Wadsworth Handicap at Huddell by 4 1/2 lengths.

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FACES IN THE CROWD



LYNN SHARENBERGER. 17, an honor student at Southeast High School in Waukegan, Ill., received 10 state awards for both English and Western Horsemanship at the Kansas Saddle Horse Association banquet, including four champion and four reserve titles.



KAREN TEMPLE. 19, a 5' 2" forward for the Graveland School five in Franklin, Tenn., has averaged 37 points a game so far this season. She scored 35, her high the year, against Franklin Junior High School, though Graveland lost the game 71-67.



JOANN HOOPER. of Indianapolis, played games of 247, 215 and 237 for a 699 total, the highest scores ever recorded in the Indianapolis Women's Bowling Tournament, so win, with partner Bonnie Mead, the actual and brand is a doubles championship.



KIM PEYTON. a seventh-grader who swims for the David Douglas Club in Portland, Ore., in two national girls' 10- to 12-year-old records within a month when she swam the 100-yard backstroke in 1:04.4 and the 100-meter backstroke in 1:13.5.



CLARA WISE. an 81-year-old bowler from Las Vegas who averages 145, recently rolled a 190 for her Gullington Grandmothers League. Asked the secret of her long and active life, Mrs. Wise said, "I never take any medicine and bowl regularly in six leagues to keep it."



GARY WEST. 17, from Concord, Calif., took a third in the slalom and a snub in the giant slalom to win the overall title at the Coronado Cup races in Waterside Valley, N.H. A member of the U.S. B squad, Gary defeated a number of A squad skiers for the title.

CREDITS

4. Billie Jean King, 17, won the \$113,000 Wadsworth Handicap at Huddell by 4 1/2 lengths. Favorite Dancer (50-80) won the \$113,000 Wadsworth Handicap at Huddell by 4 1/2 lengths. Favorite Dancer (50-80) won the \$113,000 Wadsworth Handicap at Huddell by 4 1/2 lengths.



19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CITIZENS' WAR

Sirs:

As a citizen desperately concerned, yet totally at a loss as to what he can do, about the ravage of our natural bounties, I would like to express profound gratitude to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for the timely, informative and revealing article, *My Struggle to Help the President* (Feb. 16) Robert H. Boyle offers ample evidence that individual citizens are concerned and are attempting to do their part—and more—in the struggle to overcome pollution, only to be thwarted in their efforts by bureaucratic attitudes.

One can only hope that Mr. Nixon will give a careful reading to Mr. Boyle's article and then multiply his story by thousands of similar cases. If concerned citizens cannot expect and receive the assistance of the officials of local, state and federal government in our "war," where can we go—before it is too late?

LANE W. EWIN

Atlanta

Sirs:

I am pleased to see that *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* is discharging its responsibility to the nation by devoting space to this most serious of crises. *My Struggle to Help the President* is a most revealing article which documents the incredible ineptitude and apathy of state and federal agencies charged with enforcing antipollution laws.

I ask the readers of SI to discharge their responsibilities by writing to their Senators and Representatives to complain of government foot-dragging on the pollution issue. I suggest that when they do write, they enclose a copy of Boyle's article.

WILLIAM G. HILLER

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sirs:

I want to congratulate Robert H. Boyle for contributing *My Struggle to Help the President* and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for publishing it.

Please keep up the fight. You reach a huge segment of the population, and it will take a monumental effort to take the blinders off the workhorses.

K. H. WOOD

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

There has been much in the news media recently concerning environmental pollution. Little has been done about it. Robert H. Boyle's article successfully demonstrates the futility of the antipollutionists in attempting to propagate action against industry through already-existing laws. As Art Gluska said, "People go to bed at night

thinking that the Government is looking after things. Well, the Government isn't." For this reason, environmental improvement, along with other student movements, will gain unprecedented momentum in the '70s. Passive concern will be of little or no help, for "oil discharges from the Central pipe" will continue to "gush forth."

Thankfully, we are coming into the age of the eco-activist, for the good of all Americans.

ROB WALLER

Orlando, Fla.

WORLD WAR

Sirs:

May I compliment *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and Lord Ritchie-Calder for a perceptive and enlightening look at the crisis of our environment (*Managorav the Old Horsestead*, Feb. 2)? I was particularly impressed by Lord Ritchie-Calder's call for planned cooperation between nations to resolve this complex issue. The depredation of our environment is certainly one problem that bridges political philosophy, race, religion, national boundaries and all the other contrived divots that set us against one another in this country and in the world. Restoring the "quality of life" can be a challenge to all of us. As both a leading polluter and the home of many of the world's greatest scientific minds, America should take the lead in confronting the problems of a ravaged biosphere.

But what can we do individually? We cannot, obviously, all be scientists or legislators. But we can all be participants in the April 22 day of environmental concern being planned by schools and concerned groups across the country. It promises to be the first giant step in a broad national attack that will ally young and old alike.

FRANK THOMPSON JR.

U.S. Representative

New Jersey

Washington

Sirs:

Thank you for the article. I was reminded again of Aldo Leopold's comment in *A Sand County Almanac*: "We abuse land because we regard it as a commodity belonging to us. When we see land as a community to which we belong, we may begin to use it with love and respect."

I would invite all readers to join the TEAM (Total Environment Awareness Movement). This is not another conservation group—no membership fees, no meetings—just a movement toward awareness leading to action. Anyone concerned about the environment should keep himself informed, then make the right kind of noise

at the right place at the right time (and a good place is at the polls on Election Day—conservationists must develop a political muscle).

Lord Ritchie-Calder also speaks the same language as Arnold Toynbee when he speaks of a global civilization. Any pollution of any kind affects everyone on the face of the earth. Wyoming industrialists have talked about "air sheds," as though the atmosphere does not circulate. The total environment is at stake, and we must see the problems in wider perspective. And we must make our politicians do their job of protecting our environment. As Chicago newspaper columnist Mike Royko suggests, we must terrorize them into considering the ecological implications of progress and population and pollution, which are all tied together.

Here in Jackson Hole we are trying to deal with some of the problems at the local level through the Jackson Hole Environmental Action Society. We are also trying to deal with the problems at the state level through the Wyoming Outdoor Coordinating Council. Where is the national coordination? There are a number of conservation groups that try to fill the gap, and President Nixon has given lip service to the total environment, but then he backed the National Timber Supply Act. This is somewhat inconsistent.

VERNE HUSER

Jackson, Wyo.

Sirs:

I am shocked. This business of "ecology" and "preservation of nature" is just the nonsense of some blockheaded, radical non-conformist who threatens to destroy the very fabric of American life. After all, which is more important, progress or survival? Obviously progress. Imagine! The industrious, prosperous manufacturers, who make up the most influential segment of American society, being challenged right in the open by these people who actually claim to believe that improving the quality of life should have priority over the military-industrial complex.

It's just too bad you had to compromise the quality of your otherwise fine magazine by presenting these ideas, which can serve only to excite and divide the country for the ridiculous purpose of saving a handful of worthless trees and rivers.

PETER ALCIERE

Hingham, Mass.

ONWARD AND UPWARD

Sirs:

I have just finished the article about Tom McMillen, "the best high school player in America" (*If You Want Tom, Lay Down*

continued

The Meaning of True Grit

You're only four
and you fall on the floor,
'cause your legs aren't working right
you're weary and teary
and mad and sad
from fighting the punishing fight
the floor gives a jump
and your bones come down *bump!*
when the Easter Seal Lady says, "Please"
but you keep on trying,
keep right on trying
to raise yourself up off your knees.

*So it's snuffle the nose,
and knuckle the eye,
the battle is just begun;
then give it another bloody try—
you've got true grit, my son.*

"I got true grit!"



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10TH HOLE continues

It, Feb. 16), and thought that your readers might like to know that on Feb. 10, Mullen broke the Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletic Association record (3,174) for most career points. He is now approaching the national record.

FRANK STORRA

South Williamsport, Pa.

SCRATCH AND PURR

Sirs,

Your article covering the national figure skating championships (*A Little Manolo Set in Motion*, Feb. 16) was a perfect example of how a writer conceals her ignorance of a sport with a forced personal view, which does nothing to enhance the sport of skating. Miss Ryan seems determined to encourage the worst in us. She just scratches the surface. And speaking of scratching, you might ask her to declaw herself for future assignments or shift her to a society column where such nonsense is tolerated and even enjoyed.

The world is sad enough. We don't need this kind of negative reporting.

FRANK J. FARIN

New York City

Sirs,

Congratulations to SI and Pat Ryan for the latter's coverage of the U.S. figure skating championships at Tulsa, in which the tripleholders, Tim Wood and Janet Lynn, successfully defended their titles. Figure skating is not an easy sport to report without becoming too involved in its technicalities. In this case Pat Ryan focuses all attention on the winners and runner-up in the men's and women's senior singles. She shows clearly their differences in approach and style, while giving each full recognition for his or her performance and, at the same time, introducing personal appeal by means of delightful and pertinent anecdotes. The article as a whole is written with a warmly facile yet scintillating pen, making the protagonists so alive as to almost put the reader in a rink-side seat.

G. M. W. KOTER

New York City

SENATORIAL DEBATE

Sirs,

How could former Senator Barry Moore have the audacity to say, "Ted Williams doesn't know much about pitching" (the context, Feb. 21)? Who was greatly responsible for the decline of the Senators' ERA to a respectable 1.49? Who was influential in Dick Busen's vast improvement of the lowered ERA to a fantastic 2.19 as well as compiling a 14-5 record? Who had confidence in Casey Cox and helped him to achieve a 12-7 record (Cox was winless in '68)? Who else but Ted Williams? As for overworking the hot pitchers, Williams had little choice.

continued

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19TH HOLE COLUMNAD

in the beginning of the season with so little re-
lief potential (Darold Knowles had not re-
joined the club as yet). Get with it, Barry
Moore. How could the world's greatest hit-
ter not know a good deal about pinching?
LAURIE CRICHTON

Garrett Park, Md

RESULTAL

Sirs

Regarding the letter from M. Lister Lynch
1191st Hoei, Feb. 23, I must rise as a na-
tive North Carolinian and a basketball fan
and defend the Tar Heel state. I must ex-
plain that our claim of being the best bas-
ketball state simply means that the best bas-
ketball in the nation is played here. As one
commentator said, "Northern players pack
up their bags and move to North Carolina
or California." Most of those players do
not repack their bags for the North, either.

Sure we admit that better ballplayers come
from New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania,
Indiana and other states. Yet we are not com-
pletely without our big names. Bill Bun-
ting, UNC; Vann Wilford, NC State;
Randy Denton, Duke; Henry Bibby, UNL;
Lou Hudson, Atlanta Hawks; Freddie Neal
and Meadowlark Lemon, Harlem GLOBE-
trotters; Walt Bellamy, Atlanta Hawks; Sam
Jones, formerly of the Boston Celtics; and
yes, Pete Maravich of LSU. Charlie Scott
of UNC, like Pete Maravich, played his
prep ball in our state, so we have at least a
partial claim to "Great Scott." As I see it,
that gives us claim to two of the top three
pro prospects in college today, the third
being Bob Lanier.

As to the question of why Newark, a
city one-tenth the size of North Carolina,
produces more basketball players, the an-
swer is simple. In a state of small cities,
the amount of competition is neither as large
nor as good. In a city where people are closer,
it stands to reason that the quality of com-
petition is going to be better.

MIKE DINGLEDEN

Greensboro, N.C.

WHOM WAS THAT LADY?

Sirs

Associate Editor William Johnson is quoted
(LETTER FROM THE PUNISHER, Jan. 26)
as saying, "I've had my grammar corrected
in a public restaurant at full volume by
that relentless perfectionist, Howard Cos-
well." A few sentences later Johnson con-
tinues, "I met a lady whom I believe
was Miss America of 1965."

Howard, you just couldn't have been re-
lentless enough.

PAUL F. NAGLE

New Haven, Conn.

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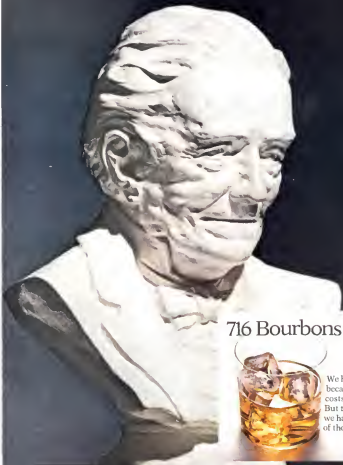
If you suspect you're suffering from arthritis, see a doctor. And see him early.

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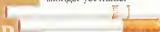


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